

PROSTATE AWARENESS ISSUE & ACTION HERO SPECTACULAR!

VAN DAMME!

HITCH

#5 • FEBRUARY / MARCH 1995 • \$3.50



THE DRAGON
ROARS!



HOLY KITSCH,
BATMAN!



HOW TO BE AN
ACTION HERO!



RANGER
DANGER!



Prostate Cancer!
Intestinal Blockage!
Urinary Incontinence!

THE WEIRD WORLD OF

ROBERT
GOULET

HITCH

WITH AN ENCHANTING FLORAL SCENT!

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Jim Carrey (again)

Word We Find Funny
snacks

Dedicated to the Memory of
Michael O'Donoghue

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InHITCH

#5 • FEBRUARY / MARCH 1995

"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—Alfred Hitchcock

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ON THE COVER

Bob Goulet, co-founder of the Village of the Damned.

Hubert H. Humphrey
was born in 1911
and died in 1978.



Heapin' Mailbag



Rod,

Chuck! He's my hero! Geez, *Planet of the Apes*, *Omega Man*, *Soylent Green*...he's my favorite wooden actor...and those teeth!

Scott Huffhines
Baltimore, MD

To the Editor

Reading your Movie review by Rod Lott I wish to state that Rod's Views are Very unfair to Bette Midler I think she is a Very talented actress that she was exceptional in *Beaches*, *Ruthless people*, *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, *Outrageous Fortune*, scenes from a *Mall*, *For the Boys*, her singing voice is wonderful and for Rod's Information she doesn't put on here Makeup a professional Artist does it for her.

I have purchased her tapes that are available of her movies and View them Over & Over I also have a lot of friends that Agree With Me and Barrow My tapes

I'm Hoping *Hocus Pocus* Comes out in tape so I may add it to my Tape library for reviewing.

Tell Your Mr. Lott the Self Proclaimed Movie Crittic I'm sending a Copy of his articule to Bette Midler and also To Kathy Najimy Whom I also think is Vary Very Funny I guess everyone doesn't have the same Taste in Movies.

Ask Rod What he thought of *Zorro* The Gay Blade

A Mad Movie Veiwer
Oklahoma City, OK

P.S. Rod Here's You a big Bah Hum Bug!

No, everybody doesn't have the same taste in movies (or punctuation, capitalization and spelling, either, it seems), which is why this magazine exists. Your "letter" completely sums up why we even bother to put this thing out. In total fairness to you and your opinion, I've chosen to print your letter exactly how it was received, errors and all. Let me say, sir, that I can't for the life of me understand why you didn't sign your real name to it. And as for the admittedly obscure George Hamilton reference: Whatever it is you're implying, I assure you I'm 100 percent heterosexual.

Paul,

I read about you in *Psychotronic Video*. Please send issue #2. Thanks!

Robert Mikszal
Bridgewater, NJ

Hi Paul,

Saw your fanzine (**HITCH**) mentioned in the latest issue of *Psychotronic*. Please send me issue #2.

Bill Nereson
Brooklyn Park, MN

ARGH! My name's not Paul! It's Rod! For some reason, the mention in *Psychotronic Video* #19 listed my name as Paul. They also printed my street as being "Tuls," whereas it is Tulsa. I'm sure Mr. Weldon meant no harm (after all, he got my name right on the letters page) and I really don't mind, except that I've always hated the name Paul and it's hard to explain to my bank why I'm bringing in all these checks made out to this mysterious Paul guy. My picture's probably been sent to every FBI office across the nation as a suspect in some money laundering scheme.

Dear Mr. Lott,

Please send me a copy of **HITCH** 2, per the review in *Psychotronic*. Thank you.

Tom Hronik
Cedar Rapids, IA

Ah, "Mr. Lott." Yes, that's better. And cash, too, thereby avoiding the Paul problem altogether. Thank you, Tom.

Mr. Lott,

I was recently reading *Psychotronic Video* where they reviewed your publication. It sounded cool, so I am writing to ask you to please send me a copy of **HITCH** 2. I am enclosing \$3.50.

Chris Linebaugh
Ft. Worth, TX

Chris, anyone that sends \$3.50 can have a copy of **HITCH**. They don't even have to ask.

Rod,

I read about **HITCH** 2 in *Kitschy Kitschy Coup* #4. I just had to have that *Mystery Science Theater 3000* episode list.

Anyway, I just got my copy and turned immediately to the episode list. I'd especially like to see the episodes *Thunderbirds Are Go!*, *The Robot vs. the Aztec Mummy*, *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians* and *Santa Claus*. These are among my most favorite films of all time. Of course, there are several others I'd love to see as well. By the way, any chance that *City on Fire* (#013) is Ringo Lam's Asian action classic? Or is it that 1979 film with Henry Fonda and Shelley Winters? (Much more likely, I'm sure.)

A HITCH Public Service Announcement

Take it from me, Gavin MacLeod

Life's complicated enough!

Let Direct Deposit
make it a little
easier for you.



Social Security Administration

Also, though I have not yet gone beyond the *MST3K* episode list, I can tell from the photos, layout and article titles that **HITCH** is my kinda zine. Are all back issues available?

Paul Kazee
Brooklyn, NY

To answer your questions, Paul (a good name to have, by the way, and I hear a very popular one at that): 1) The episode is not the Hong Kong shoot-'em-up, but indeed the disaster flick with Winters and Fonda, not to mention fellow wash-ups Barry Newman, Susan Clark, Leslie Nielsen and Ava Gardner. 2) Yes, all back issues are still available (see inside back cover, as always, for more back issue info).

Dear **HITCH**,

What in the hell was F. Murray Abraham doing in the corner of the cover of **HITCH** 3?

Todd Smithson
Boise, ID

Pointing a gun like the man that he is, Todd.

Rod,

Your "zine" was interesting, though a little too "new-agey" for my taste. Laughed myself silly, though.

Bart McCortney
Ada, OK

New-agey? What do you mean new-agey? Oh, now I get it: You must have been the one that received the issue with the limited-edition Yanni flexi-disc.

Hey, there, Mentos Man!

Dug your last issue (**HITCH** 3). The Mentos theme hasn't left my head in weeks!

John Chilson
San Diego, CA

To Rod,

HITCH is nice. The Mentos bit was our favorite (**HITCH** 3). I even liked the sour music reviews. You know what's weird is that while in South Dakota over Thanksgiving, I saw a special of how they made Bette (Midler) fly. Pretty hype.

Thanx for **HITCH** 4, too. It always freaks me & Eric out when someone like you puts out issues so fast. It is our dream, but we get too caught up with donut runs and free cheezy movies.

Speaking of which, as opposed to your movie reviews, we thought *The Next Karate Kid* rocked. You obviously weren't alone in the movie theater. See, the trick is to go late on a Tuesday nite, then you can charge the screen and pretend you are the next next karate kid, and show your stuff against the evil side.

And on that evil note, the thing in **HITCH** 4 that floored me was the potential proposed question to Mary Kate & Ashley Olsen, "Are you evil?" Maybe it was late, but that was the first time in a long time that I've laughed at something that hard on my own. Weird, huh?

Charlton Heston...hmmmm...I kinda met Liberace once. My parents took me and my sis to his Las Vegas show, cuz we both played piano. Well, my parents slipped the ushers a \$20 so we got front-row seats. Later on, during the show, Liberace approached me, the dashing 7-year-old I was, and put the famed piano ring in the palm of my hand, to which he said, "See what you can get if you practice?" I said the cute, "Can I keep it?" to which the crowd roared in laughter. He snatched it from me and kept playing.

Fun, huh? !Adios, señor **HITCH**!

Brian Musial
Santa Cruz, CA

Rod,

Boy, oh boy, you've done it again Clem. Issue #4 is yet another fine product from **HITCH** Publishing Company. Made me laugh, made me cry, made me exclaim "For the love of God, how does he do it?"

Ken Davis
Wichita, KS

Hey Rod,

Thanks for the new **HITCH** (#4). I haven't got to read a terrible amount of it, but I'm willing to say it looks to be the best yet! I look forward to the regular departments every time and this time a few (namely "STATS") were the best ever. I've been telling an out-of-town-taping-buddy about **HITCH** and he's dying to see it, so I sent him my coveted copies of the first three to look over. Anyway, he may write you later. If he does, you'll know he's a pal of mine. More to follow when I've regained control of my life...

Chris Henry
Swainsboro, GA

Rod,

Hi!!! My friend recently sent me the first three issues of **HITCH**, and I loved them! Excellent! Excellent! Excellent!

The *Star Trek* convention piece ("Boldly Going Where No He-man Has Gone Before," **HITCH** 3) was very funny, even to my roommate, who is quite a *ST* fan himself. Even though I think many *Mystery Science Theater 3000* fans are approaching the same level of intensity. Well, I take that back; no group of people could EVER match the intensity of Trekkies.

Keep up the good work with Mr. Clipson. Very original! If I may be so bold as to offer a suggestion for a future scenario, I thought of this today while at work and it goes a little something like this: Pretend to be a rather elderly high school counselor who is trying to line up a band for the prom. At this point, I'm not sure of the best approach, but you may write a major record label and see if Aerosmith might be available, because you think the students must like them since so many of them wear their T-shirts to school. It may work out better to contact a less well-known group like the Smashing Pumpkins or even someone you reviewed in **HITCH** 3 (Sass Jordan? Boy Crazy?). Just a thought. It's probably real stupid, but it's the best my simple little mind could come up with.

Remember you can never have too many *Spinal Tap*, *Twin Peaks* and *MST3K* references in one issue. If only you could squeeze in a *Bloom County* quip in an issue, my life would be complete.

Believe it or not, I saw my first-ever episode of *Xuxa* today. I had never even heard of it until the article in **HITCH** 2 ("Xuxa: Then and Now!"). Boy, howdy, is that one sorry show, even if it is for kids only. I have it on tape and may record a few more for posterity.

I will more than likely be getting a subscription in the near future, as well as all the back issues. Well, I gotta run. Keep up the good work and I look forward to the next **HITCH**. See ya!

Dwain Henry
St. Mary's, GA

Thanks, Dwain. I agree with you that this burgeoning *MST* cult is really getting annoying. It's one thing to love a show, but it's another to get anal about it. I've heard from several people that the show is ruined for them now because of them. Our *MST* story in **HITCH** 2 ("We've Got Movie

Sign!") was fairly tongue-in-cheek, as I'm sure you could tell, and the episode list was not provided so you could memorize which movie was what number, but simply as a reference to show what's been seen. It was more for the uninformed all along. I've never understood the Trekkie lifestyle, obviously, and it's embarrassing to me that the same sort of mindset is doing the same to a show that doesn't need it. I didn't go to the MST convention last summer, but I saw some footage of it, and instead of letting the MST people speak, the crowd interrupted by spouting catch phrases and the like in that stupid, "Aren't we knowledgeable insiders?" tone. It does nothing to enhance the show at all and serves no purpose. They should just let them do their show, appreciate it and get on with life.

Dear Rod:

I read about your publication, **HITCH**, in *Kitschy Kitschy Coup*, and I want one copy each of issues #2 and #3, for which I am enclosing a money order for \$7. Thank you.

*Fred Hamilton
N. Myrtle Beach, SC*

Again: No, Fred, thank you.

Season's greetings from your mailman!

Hi, I'm Mac McFarland and I've been your mailman for almost two years. I love being a mailman, and I really like this route. Everyone I've met has been really nice which makes my job much easier. I strive to give each of you the kind of service you deserve. If I make a misdelivery to you, please don't write on the letter. Just put it back on the mailbox, and I'll pick it up the next day. I work very hard at learning all the names at each address. Have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Thank you!

*Mac McFarland
Oklahoma City, OK*

Thank you, Big Mac. I hope the recent string of correspondence addressed to "Paul" hasn't thrown you for a loop.

Dear Ziner,

I read issue #53 of *Factsheet 5* and your zine caught my eye, along with about 20 others. Please send me the issue listed in F5, or whatever your current issue is. I'm over 21. If I haven't included exactly what you need, send the zine anyway and let me know what you'd like. I'm new to this, if

that isn't already obvious.

Rather than list my stats to describe myself, I thought I'd do a top ten list of quotes that I think describe me or my outlook. I'm very much looking forward to your zine and hope that we can have some fun together.

1. "I've got a friend with a drum machine / He's got style and taste / He says I live in the '70s / And I can be replaced." —Trip Shakespeare

2. "I hate to advocate drugs, violence and insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me." —Hunter S. Thompson

3. "Writing is a welcome opportunity to talk without being interrupted." —Gregor Von Rezzori

4. "I'm waiting for crack in a *spreadable* form." —Vertigo Park

5. "I feel like a juggler running out of hands." —Elvis Costello

6. "What if there were no hypothetical situations?" —Graffiti

7. "Monsters do not die. They must be killed." —Dan Simmons

8. "Where there is too much, something is missing."

9. "Your life is just something you're going to have to live with."

10. "Evil is movement away from feeling."

Best wishes.

*Tom Traub
Pasadena, CA*

Tom, you sent cash, and that's all we need.

Nothing more.

Dear Rod:

Please send me an issue of **HITCH** 1 and 2. I've enclosed \$7.

*John Weber II
Plymouth, WI*

*Ah, more magic words from friends across the country. Let the **HITCH** revolution begin.*

UPDATE

*Not that we were watching, but we understand none other than Dr. Joyce Brothers had a cameo in CBS' Dec. 6 broadcast of Come Die with Me: A Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer Mystery. Apparently, she played a judge or a beach body contest and exclaimed "Let's party!" Sorry we missed it; we're sure it was another bravura turn to add proudly to her filmography (**HITCH** 3). We just can't stand to watch anything on CBS. We would, however, tune her in if she was on cool shows, like say, Mystery Science Theater 3000 or TNT's way-nifty MonsterVision. But she's not.*

*Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, 5504 N. Tulsa Ave., Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or e-mail us at rlott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY

I can say this with a straight face: This issue of **HITCH** — #5 already! — is, without a doubt, our finest work yet. Why, you ask? Simple, friend: Not only do we have a theme issue, but even more unreal, a *dual*-themed issue! Hey, imagine *our* surprise; we didn't even *try*. The only theme we'd attempted before became The Spooky Halloween issue. And now, suddenly, perhaps by the grace of God, the edition which you now hold is our bold "Prostate Awareness Issue & Action Hero Spectacular!"

Falling in the first category, you'll find...oh, heck, why spoil the fun? You've paid the \$3.50; you should be allowed to mine these treasures on your own, don't you agree?

At any rate, let us know what you think. Write. E-mail. But don't call because I'm at the point in life where I hate the phone. Word about **HITCH**, as evidenced by the bicoastal presence in this issue's very "Heapin' Mailbag," is slowly but surely getting out. I figure we'll hit phenomenon status in no time. (We aim to have the cultural influence and historical importance of *Sassy*, if you were wondering.)

We've been around almost one year now, and we've only received one bad review in that time, but it was from some ugly rag called *Punk Planet*, so it's not like our feelings were hurt. I mean, c'mon — which would you rather read: a) Bob Goulet talking about intestinal blockage, or b) bands like Shades of Vomit?

We thought so. (You did say "a," right?)

Until next time (April! My birthmonth! Send gifts *now*!), this is Rod Lott reminding you to have your pets spayed and neutered.

Knick-Knack, Paddy-Whack, Gave My Dogs Some Bones



A HITCH Investigation
By Ken Davis

I am a dog lover.

I haven't always had this affection for canines, though; I remember as a child, a mangy old stray that would loiter in front of our house because my brother kept feeding it. I would shoot it with a pellet gun just because I didn't like it hanging around.

But I have evolved into a man who loves dogs with the same zeal as David Letterman. Like most pet owners, I give my dogs treats from time to time. They like rawhide chewies, cow hooves, table scraps and Milk-Bones.

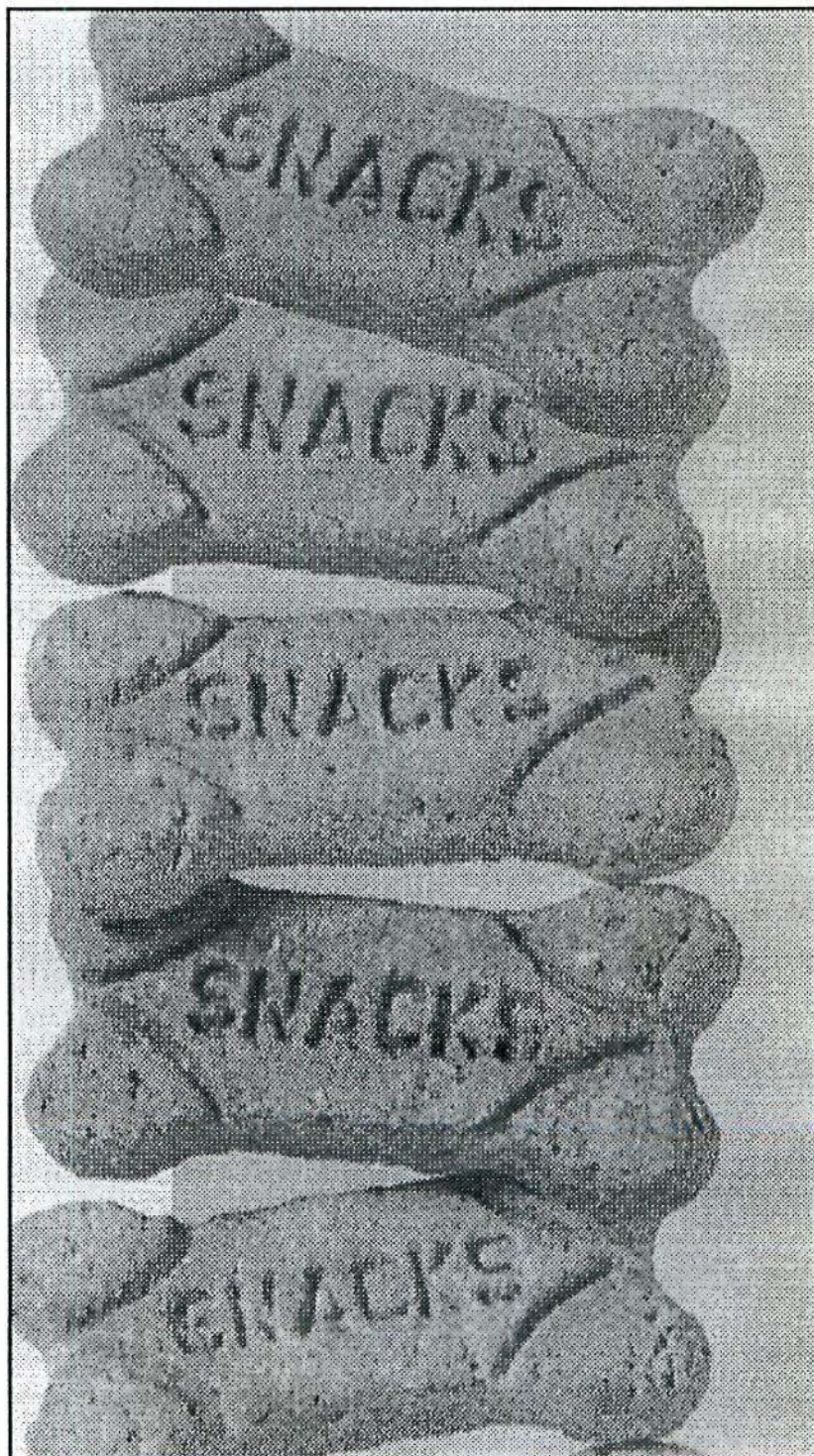
The good folks that produce the original Milk-Bone brand biscuits make some pretty lofty claims about their product on the back of the box. Being the consumer advocate I am, I tested each one of these seven claims. The following chart compares said claims with my dogs' reactions.



The investigator with subject A, Susie.



Subject B, Tinker.



	LOFTY CLAIM	TINKER'S REACTION	SUSIE'S REACTION
BACON	"Your dog will think it's hot off the frying pan."	Ran into the living room; ate it under the sofa.	Quickly ate it; gave a hearty burp.
MEAT	"A flavor no dog can resist."	Ran into the living room; ate it under the sofa.	Ate this one more slowly, but seemed to enjoy it.
CHEESE	"One is hardly ever enough!"	Ran into the living room; ate it under the sofa.	Layed down in front of the TV and licked it before consuming.
LIVER	"...with all the taste your dog loves."	Ran into the living room; ate it under the chair.	Swallowed this one whole.
MILK	"...a crunchy, delicious biscuit."	Ran into the living room; ate it under the sofa.	Gave it to Tinker.
POULTRY	"Your dog will bark with delight!"	Ran into the living room; ate it under the sofa.	Barked with delight!
VEGETABLE	"...flavor he wants — but can rarely get."	Ran into the living room; ate it under the sofa.	Looked at it; walked away.

When Your Sheepdog's Got the Runs

Constipation: Diet is usually to blame. Give your dog something else to eat. Provide more vegetables and roughage like kibble and dog biscuits. For fast relief, use milk of magnesia — a child's dose; or, if you prefer, olive oil straight or mixed in with his food.

Diarrhea: This, too, is frequently the result of wrong diet. Mix boiled rice and cooked hamburger together, half and half. To this add 10 percent of the total bulk in canned tomatoes or cottage cheese. For severe continuing cases, give the dog six ounces of black coffee sweetened with Karo syrup. Remove all drinking water but give him ice cubes to lick when thirsty.

Worms: Even the best-cared-for dogs are subject to worms. Symptoms: Actual appearance of the worm or worm segments in bowel movements or vomit. A "potbelly," diarrhea, persistent vomiting, runny (but not mucousy) eyes and



nose are also signs. Dragging the rump on the floor is sometimes an indication, but this usually means there is an accumulation of impacted matter in the dog's anal glands which should be removed.

Take a sample of your dog's stool in a small jar to your vet. He will examine it microscopically to determine what type of worm, if any, your dog has.

Excerpts from Know Your Old English Sheepdog, by Earl Schneider, New York: The Pet Library.

STATS

'Tis the Season to Be Deadly

Toys That Inflict Sheer Pain



What a joy it is to see a child's face light up Christmas morning when little Timmy opens a wrapped gift to find the toy plane he so desperately wanted and asked for since early June.

What a tragedy it is when, later that afternoon, Timmy rushes in from outside, holding his plane in one hand and his right eye in the other.

Ho ho ho.

Each year, some 130,000 children suffer from toy-related injuries. According to the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, more than 56,000 children under the age of 15 were treated at hospital emergency rooms in 1993 for such occurrences. Only about 1 percent of all toys is ever tested by the CPSC, and of those toys that are tested, approximately one-sixth are so unsafe as to warrant a voluntary recall.

To help parents in making wise decisions in buying Christmas presents for their kids, Dr. Phillip L. Kaufman of Crete, Ill. has released a "Dangerous Holiday Toy List" for the past 17 years.

"When a toy's ammunition is hard, fast or heavy, the impact on the eye is severe and the damage intense," Kaufman said. "A suction cup-tipped dart can actually stick to the eye."

Thirteen deadly toys topped Kaufman's 1994 list. We apologize for not being able to provide you with this information for our December issue (deadlines, you know), but at least you'll be prepared, dear reader, for this year's Yuletide season.

Thanks to us at **HITCH**, you'll now know that it's not a good idea to place the X-Men Super-Powered Sharp-Edged High-Velocity Retina Puncher under the tree.

Toy #1: Flying Model Helicopter

Ages: 8 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "Hand-launched helicopter with 20" diameter unprotected blades that will carry the toy 100 feet up."

Manufacturer: Lord Howard

Toy #2: Air Pressure 500 Super Max Long Range Target Set

Ages: 6 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A high-powered foam dart pistol that fires a 2 3/16" x 9/16" dart with a tip as small as some soft contact lenses, tip could adhere to the eye."

Manufacturer: Laramie Corp.

Toy #3: Koosh Sky Blaster Skyrocket

Ages: 5 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A rubber band-launched foam rocket with a semi-hard heavy 1 5/16" plastic nose that is capable of flying 100 feet with a lot of force."

Manufacturer: Oddoz Products, Inc.

Toy #4: Aqua Sling Water Balloon Sling Shot

Ages: no age specification

Kaufman's Beef: "A sling shot that fires water balloons up to 300 feet, a similar toy is already responsible for putting out one child's eye."

Manufacturer: Riua Sport, Inc.

Toy #5: Nerf Max Force Eagle Eye

Ages: 6 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A toy pistol that fires a small foam rubber dart at high velocity, with a 'laser' aiming system which the packaging claims to give the gun 'pinpoint' accuracy."

Manufacturer: Kenner / Tonka

Toy #6: Koosh Flyer

Ages: 5 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A heavy rubber launcher moves the 'soft' but heavy Koosh ball and the launcher 50 feet, a close impact will cause severe eye damage."

Manufacturer: Oddoz Products, Inc.

Toy #7: Bulls Eye Slingshot

Ages: 8 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A slingshot that fires hard foam balls with their rubber band launchers with enough velocity to cause eye damage from the ball or the free-flying rubber band."

Manufacturer: Remco Toys, Inc.

Toy #8: Kidpower Javelaunch

Ages: 8 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A javelin which the advertising says it can be thrown 100 yards, the tip is blunt and about the size of the eye socket."

Manufacturer: Kidpower, Inc.

Toy #9: Imperial Petite Miss Deco Nails

Ages: 5 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "Long artificial nails that if a five-year-old wears and rubs her eyes will cause serious corneal injury."

Manufacturer: Imperial Toy Co.

Toy #10: Bravo 17 Pellet Pistol

Ages: 8 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A gun that fires in rapid fire, pellets the manufacturer says are harmless, they are heavy enough with enough velocity to cause serious eye damage."

Manufacturer: Powtoys / K-Mart

Toy #11: Light and Sound Sword

Ages: 4 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A two-foot plastic sword with a sharp-pointed 1 3/8" blade which could damage an eye, especially if used to stab someone."

Manufacturer: Agglo Co.

Toy #12: Super Pump Action Rifle

Ages: 8 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "A realistic rifle that fires BB-like 3/16" hard plastic pellets in rapid fire and at a high rate of speed."

Manufacturer: Ray Plastic, Inc.

Toy #13: Mighty Morphin Power Rangers Mini Hi-Bouncing Power Balls

Ages: 3 and up

Kaufman's Beef: "Balls that when hurled at the ground can bounce back at two to three times the intensity which they were thrown, three-year-olds do not have the hand-eye coordination to control these balls and are susceptible to being easily hit in the eye."

Manufacturer: Happiness Express, Inc.

—Rod Lott

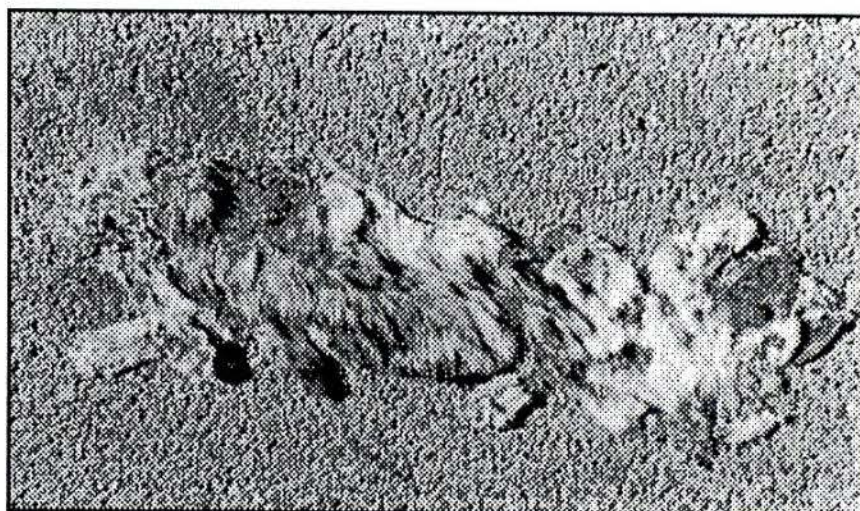


March Is
Frozen Food
MONTH

HITCH Paparazzi



Most likely *not* one of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce's favorite establishments.



Dead cat or dead dog? *You* make the call.

A Few Things I'd Like to See in 1995

- Mary Shelley's *Flashdance*, directed by and starring Kenneth Bran-augh.

- Joycelyn Elders / Camile Paglia '96

- Raphael's Hell's Angels prints in every Deck the Walls. One cherub holds a cigarette while the other swings a club. Both have stubble and are holding beers as they gaze toward the heavens.

- David Letterman breaks into my house

to play Pog. Are you like me? Do you love gap-toothed men?

- Rush Limbaugh dies attempting sex with jailbait wife.

—Jamie Munn



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The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED

For Interstate Flight / Capital Murder



Richard Gerard Bocklage

ALIAS: Dick Bock, Rick Bock, Dick Bocklage, Richard G. Bocklage, Dick Bocklege, Richard G. Bocklege, Robert G. Cass

DOB: 7 / 12 / 57

BIRTHPLACE: St. Louis, MO

HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 6'2", 190 lbs.

BUILD: medium

HAIR: brown

EYES: brown

COMPLEXION: medium

RACE: white

SOCIAL SECURITY: 500-68-4974, 500-68-4174

IDENTIFYING SCARS: long surgical scar under each armpit

It shouldn't be too taxing to recognize this lil' fella should he come a-knockin' at your front door. If anyone looking still wearing their hair like this happens upon your porch step, simply ask, "What is your name?" If he responds, "Dick Bocklage," which is highly likely, you will know it is he and laugh and laugh because "Dick Bocklage" sounds almost exactly like "dick blockage," which is a condition that affects men as they get older.

Anyway, Dick killed some girl by shooting her three times in the face close-up. That's not nice. Usually, not-nice guys hang out in seedy bars, and Dick fits that bill, often clad in a lumberjack shirt and hiking boots.

So not only does he have outdated hair and a silly name, but he is a victim of bad fashion taste, too, so this guy should be the easiest to snare. When you do, call your local FBI office or the Washington HQ at (202) 324-3000. We think he's so identifiable that he may even be caught by the time this gets printed.

SAID



**"I don't know, it's like
some kind of f---in' playground
for kids or something."**

*—some guy when asked
by his pal in the mall,
"What's Discovery Zone?"*

Snips' Snappy Sayings for 1995

Use these snappy sayin's to get in with the in crowd this new year.

☞ When askin' a question, preface your question with, "Yo, let me slap an interrogative your way!"

☞ When askin' your honey for some food, say, "Yo, baby, produce me up some grub!"

☞ When you look all 'round for some-thing like a wrench or a catalog, and can't find it, then all the sudden find it right by you, say, "Whew! If that was a snake, it would've bitten me!"

☞ When you see pirates comin' your way, say, "Yiiiiipes! Pirates!"

☞ When at Wendy's ordering, say, "Yo, man, fester me up one of them juicy burgers like the old man eats on the commercials."

☞ When they play country and western music on the radio, say, "Yo, man, I ain't gotta listen to this farm music!"

☞ When askin' for a ticket to that new Altman flick, say, "Yo, one for *Port-a-Potty*, please!"

Use this stylish lingo, and I guarantee you will have at least seven new friends by the end of the week.

—Harlin "Snips" McCoy

JOURNALISM 101

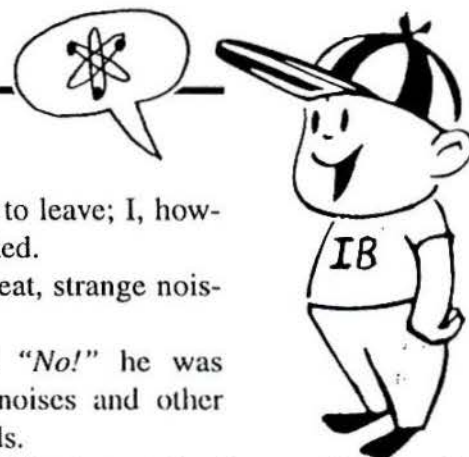
Excerpts from a Not-at-All- Good High School Newspaper

"*Shawshank* rocked, but this movie was terrific also. Spader was terrific! His role as the archaeologist was his best since *Pretty in Pink*....I can't wait until *Stargate II*."

"French Club members have spoken. All the ballots have been counted and the 1995 Princess and Prince are Natasha Scott and Damon Broiles....(Damon) also remarked that it would be fun to brag about it to his children and grandchildren."

"What up, everybody? Let me free your minds from all of this school work....(Bob Seger's) greatest hits collection (is) the best I have ever heard....Keep yourself unpredictable, and make a lot of noise."

Isotope Boy & Me



What a lucky gal I was to arrive at work one chilly morning to find my boss' 11-year-old son sitting in her office.

"He got suspended for a day for hitting a girl," my boss explained. "If he's at home, he'll have fun, so I'm punishing him by keeping him at work with me all day."

As it turned out, she was punishing *us*.

My boss went on her way, leaving me and the little runt alone in the adjoining offices. Finally, he spoke: "Do you know what an isotope is?"

"Uh, no," I said, faintly annoyed, this not being science class.

"It's when two or more forms of an element have the same atomic number but different weights," he informed me.

"Great," I muttered.

"Do you know what a nucleus is made of?" he prodded.

Looking up from my work, I said, "Yes."

"What then?"

"It's made of neutrons and protons," I said.

"That's right," said Isotope Boy, sounding surprised that I knew this. "Can you make a good owl noise?" he asked.

"No."

"I can," he said, and then opened his mouth in a perfect, little O and began to hoot for about five minutes.

"That's nice, that's nice," I said, losing my patience and all concentration.

However, he continued: "Can you count to 10 in German?"

"Yes, I can," I lied defiantly as I walked out of my office for a moment of peace.

When I returned, Isotope Boy was quizzing the art director while he was in my office faxing documents. Isotope Boy asked, "Can you sound like a horse?"

"No, and leave me alone," the art director said. "I'm very busy here."

Oblivious, Isotope Boy went on making galloping noises using his tongue and palette, annoying us all beyond belief.

The art director was free to leave; I, however, was further persecuted.

"Can you make any neat, strange noises?"

Before I could yell "No!" he was already making farting noises and other assorted disgusting sounds.

Next, a reporter walked in, thus giving Isotope Boy another victim. He rose from his seat and went up to her.

"Do you know what an isotope is?" he asked, as if he hadn't a clue.

"Well," the reporter thought, stumbling, "I think it's...uh..."

She paused too long for Isotope Boy's liking, though, so he gave her the answer. She seemed shocked that the brat would ask what he already knew.

Next, a friend from the traffic department arrived, who shared with the attention-starved Isotope Boy some German words and a quick lesson on counting to 10 in Spanish. She didn't seem bothered by his inquisition, but then again, she wasn't around when he was galloping, hooting and farting.

When a producer stepped in, Isotope Boys called out, "Todd, is that you?"

Todd smiled. "No, Todd's not here," he said. "Leave him alone."

Why couldn't I have thought of that hours ago?

Finally, my day came to a long-awaited end. I clicked off my old, small TV and headed out the door.

"Hey!" Isotope Boy yelled. "Turn that back on!"

"Your mom has three large, new TVs in her office right in front of your face," I said. "Go watch those."

"I was watching that one," he said.

"Well, turn it on yourself, then," I said, marching off to freedom.

Take *that*, Isotope Boy.

—Malena Lott

Things I Try to Avoid

cowboys

American cheese

prison *

taxi cabs *

Ally Sheedy movies *

rump rangers *

diet Coke

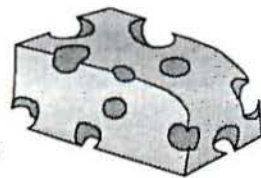
soap operas

turtlenecks / sweater vests

syphilis *

Radio Shack

sea monkeys



—Ken Davis

TRS-80 Corner

By Ned Sharptoe

Hi, crew! I'm Ned Sharptoe. I am a computer programmer by day and a metal detector enthusiast by night. Remember the hit Atari cartridge *Kaboom!*; yep, that was my baby! Now, I'd like to teach *you*. Let's start with a funny one, shall we? Try this simple program at home on your TRS-80; it's a dilly!

```
10 CLS
20 INPUT A$ "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
30 LET A$=X
40 IF X=" " GOTO 160
50 PRINT "HELLO," X, "IT IS NICE
   TO SEE YOU TODAY!"
```

```
55 PRINT "PRESS ENTER."
60 INPUT B$
70 PRINT "DO YOU LIKE PIE?"
72 INPUT C$
75 LET C$=Y
80 IF Y="YES" THEN PRINT X,
  "LIKES PIE" THEN GOTO 175
85 IF Y="NO" THEN PRINT X,
  "DOES NOT CARE FOR PIE" THEN GOTO
  175
160 PRINT "YOU HAVE NO NAME?"
   GOTO 20
175 END
```

You'll love this program once you get it all keyed in! I'll tell you, my pals and I had a blast with it last Saturday night! 'Til next issue, happy programming!

* things I avoid because they frighten me



My Garage Sale Diary

boyfriend, a man who, apparently oblivious to the near-freezing temperatures, wore only a tank top, shorts and no shoes or socks. They decided the board game designated for ages 12 and up was "over our heads," and almost bought a paperback titled *Pills That Don't Work*. When she picks up the book *The Bobbitt Case: You Decide!*, the man shudders and his significant other jokes, "Heh! You was gettin' worried, wasn't you?"

11:55 a.m. "How much?" a woman asked about the Smith-Corona electric typewriter in great condition.

"Thirty dollars," I answered.

"Does it work?"

"Yes," I said. "All it needs is a ribbon."

"Well, those cost money, too," she said snottily as she stormed out.

11:57 a.m. I swear someone came in wearing underwear.

12:40 p.m. This teenage girl switched price stickers so she could procure herself a VHS copy of the rap comedy *CB4*. Hope the bitch ends up in jail soon.

2:50 p.m. An elderly woman looking for stocking stuffers agreed to buy cassette singles of The Art of Noise and NRBQ "as long as they're not pornographic."

—Rod Lott

7:30 a.m. Despite the sign placed on our front door that read, "Doors will open at 8 a.m. Do not bother knocking. Thanks," some old man came to the door as I getting something out of my car.

"We'll be open at 8," I told him.

"Got any tools or fishin' tackle?" he asked.

"No," I said, and he left.

8:40 a.m. A large woman and her large, gap-toothed daughter browsed through the movies, their interest piqued upon a copy of Bobcat Goldthwait's comedy *Shakes the Clown*, on sale for a mere \$3.

"Oh, that's the one about that killer clown," the mom said.

"Momma, I don't have to do what the clown does, though," said the daughter.

10:10 a.m. A twentysomething woman came in with her

Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

Gotcha!
(1985)

Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

Wow! That is a word I use when describing the film *Gotcha!* This film, about a fine young student going to Paris to study, is a gem-dandy! Not unlike the film *Hexed*, this single-word-titled film has many good parts in it! The star, Anthony Edwards, was also in a movie about some nerds who rally to victory, which is ironic because if you don't go see this movie, then you are a nerd! Ha ha! Just kidding! Anyway, Anthony gets involved in espionage which makes for action, action and more action! I really want to see *Gotcha!* again, and really soon to boot! Hope when I do, I see you there, or I'll getcha!

Midnight Madness
(1980)

Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This comedy-thriller was both comedic and thrilling, and let me tell you why in my following statements! But first, I'll say that it stars many fine young actors, including Michael John Fox. (You might know him as Michael J. Fox, but I call him by his full name because I have *Teen Wolf* seven times and know it by heart, and thus, feel close to him.) Anyway, the acting in this movie is so good, I thought for a short while that I was watch-



ing real life! Whenever I hear that there is a movie out about a group of youths driving all over town on a perplexing scavenger hunt, I usually say to myself, "Tom, let's go see this film!" so indeed I did, hopping into my green car and driving straight to the movie house. Little did I know that I would almost laugh myself to death when one of the groups gets marshmallows in their computer, causing real problems! I will not say anything else except go see this film; she's a doozy!

Stampede
(1981)

Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

Whoa! That's what I said when I first laid eyes on this action-adventure cartridge. Sure, I normally review films, but I had to tell you about this video game, for to not would be an injustice to the calf-roping simulation world. Anyway, in this fine game, you as the calf-roper, get to rope cows, and my oh my, is it challenging! Try *Stampede* and you will be playing 'til the cows come home!

See ya at the movies! (By the way, *Stampede* is available for the Atari 2600, Intellivision, and soon for Colecovision and the Commodore 64.)

Love Means Never Having to Say You're a Loser



Actual, Honest-to-God Singles Ads

WEIRD MEN

DWM, 40, 5'9", 155 lbs....I'm looking for a lady who is attractive and slender, self-supporting, and hope she can boil water (I like spaghetti).

Hi, my name is Richard. I was married 10 years and have a daughter in Arkansas. All I want is a friend to be with and share the good times together. Whatever you want to do is fine with me. I am 52 (39 & holding — ha, ha).

SWM, 31, 6'0", 185 lbs....Never been married, don't smoke, get drunk, take drugs, hit women or hang out in bars, but I can cook and do my own laundry.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

You're 26-38, NS, 90 percent nice and 10 percent naughty, and prefer Meat Loaf (the singer, not the food) over Travis Tritt.

SWM, 29, 6'0", 170 lbs....I enjoy movies, music, good cooking, roses, back rubs, and cruising in my dune buggy. Computer and tuxedos are too complex for me, while drugs and guns are a waste of humanity.

DWM, 36, 5'10", HWP, DDF, NS. Handsome, green eyed professional with cute dimples and pretty lips. LET'S SPOIL EACH OTHER!!!

MEN WHO THINK THEY'RE ANIMALS

Wild Stallion, never been tamed. This stal-

lion, born in '51, brown mane and eyes, 210 lbs., 5'11", well-mannered, won't through you off.

SWM, 44...I have a good job and I'm house broken.

Steady old gelding seeks well preserved mare with no foals in the barn for a little horseplay, but I can still do a quick six furlongs. You should still rouse the stallions. Please, no hoof and mouth disease.

MEN WHO THINK THEY'RE POETS

JOIN HANDS... TOGETHER, WALK THROUGH THIS WORLD... TOGETHER, CELEBRATE OUR VICTORIES AND SUFFER OUR DEFEATS...TOGETHER, BE ONE...TOGETHER.

Slim SWM, 28, 6'3". I don't want a one night fling. I am searching for a dream. I don't play games or do drugs. Or care for bars, or night clubs. My favorite is pizza, and I love cheese. Generally anything except Chinese. To find my girl would mean so much. I'd always thrill at her touch. Hold her when I go to sleep. The ultimate treasure, I would keep. So ask yourself, is this is you. Won't you make my dream come true?

WEIRD WOMEN

If you are looking for someone to clean, cook, or do your laundry, KEEP ON LOOKING, because I've done that, been there for 28 years. SWF, 52, NS, DDF. Please NO couch potatoes or free load-

ers.

DWF, DDF, HWP, 39, 5'5". Looking for a possible Oli North/Bill Murray mix, Hmmm... (heavy on the Bill Murray).

Circle of friends wanting this SWF to quit trying to fit a square burger on a round bun. She deserves the steak and the sizzle. We've seen her DL which states 41 yr., the IRS says 36, we say old enough to be legal, let's see what you say.

THE MARINES ARE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN, I ONLY WANT ONE!! HERE I AM! SWF, 42. Take a chance!

Elizabeth Taylor or Phyllis Diller...I'm somewhere in between. Down-to-earth DWF, 5'10", 55 brunette.

WOMEN WHO THINK THEY'RE ANIMALS

Spirited sorrel brood mare slipped halter 6 years ago. Stands over 17 hand, flowing mane, very long legs. Smart as a mule and just as cantakerous. Well trained, has been successfully fending for self and dodging all lassos. Must be brought under control before shot! Responds to mature (over 45) stud with gentle touch.

Wanted by 56 yr. old Teddy Bear: Non-drinking Gentleman to share my home & expenses, tend & love my cat & ferret.

A Love Letter We Found



ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES

Select overseas oriental ladies seek love & marriage with American men of all ages. Learn more about these loyal Asian beauties. We have the most informative info package available and complete immigration service. Since 1984.

LIFE-MATES

P.O. Box 56953 - Phoenix, AZ 85079

FREE INFORMATION 602-973-9676



Dear Kelly

What I write is from the heart. I care a great deal for you. I know what you are capable of and I believe that you can do anything if you set your mind to it. I know that you are hurting. I wish I could come up with something that would take all the hurt and pain away, but I cannot. I wish I could tell you that you will not be hurt again, but again I cannot. What I can say is, all this is part of life, the pain, the happiness, and the tears.

I wish I could hold in my arms and wipe the tears away, and fill your heart with joy. (I wish I could do a lot of things to you, SMILE) see you can still smile. Kelly I wish things could be different between us. I love you a great deal, and I know that you are hurting, believe in your self as I believe in you, and as other people believe in you.

As of this day, you or my WOMAN, (smile) until you find someone else, we will not have sex, for fear that you may place me in the hospital, and we will not kiss, for fear that I may like it, and wish to continue, which would lead to sex, which would place me in the hospital still, (smile)

Kelly I'll always be there for you.

wes

your friend, your admirer, your ever loving, your lovingly William



HITCH's Random Person of the Year

Meet Shelby Powell, Won't You?

By Steve Hunt

For **HITCH**'s first annual Random Person of the Year Award, we set some abstract standards, which made this year's award a little less than random. Next year, though, we promise our Random Person of the Year to be the very definition of random.

With this truism established, let us explain the abstract standards put forth: The winner had to be a peach, apparently well-read, a good anti-Generation-X-type of person and chock full o' pride for what it is that they represent. Okay, so these criteria are a little more concrete than abstract, but who cares? Shelby Powell wins hands down.

By knocking off Terri Keanon (for being employed by Ted Turner) and do-it-aller Martha Stewart (for her botched yuletide egg nog recipe), this peachy Baylor songleader (Baylor University uses the term "songleader" instead of "cheerleader" for some reason) from Hillsborough, Texas wins the coveted prize.

As a management information systems major, a field that requires a few thinking skills, we can assume that she meets the standard for the well-read criterion. Chock full of pride for what she represents? Gimme a break; just look at this sprite gal jumpin' and a-cheerin' the Bears to victory in the accompanying photo. Peachy? Well, I wouldn't mind being seen with her. Anti-Generation-X characteristics? She seems to have goals, and is happy to be alive, plus she listens to Garth Brooks (ick) and not Nirvana or the Dreaded Weazels.

Four for four, and therein lies the first-ever **HITCH** Random Person of the Year.

In my short interview with the lovely and talented Shelby Powell, I learned that the worst thing about this young gal is that she enjoyed the alleged film *The Santa Clause*. She will graduate from the fine institution of Baylor in May, so all you higher-up execs reading, be sure and offer her a position at your place of employment.

Some of the exciting things she has done in her life — other than talk to me — include marching in the presidential inau-



Shelby. Get to know her.

gural thingie (Bush, not Clinton), traveling overseas with her Bear confidants to cheerlead and something else, but I don't remember what it was. She said that her most embarrassing moment — probably other than almost losing to my Oklahoma State Cowboys in football last year — was when she and the other Bearettes ran on to the field and the band nerds just looked at them, wonderin' what they were doing there. Wild stuff, eh?

The thing about dames in the '90s is they are always going to college to get their MRS degree. But not this one; she's getting her MIS degree. As not totally true as the aforementioned statement is, I just felt I should put it in. Anyway, Shelby Powell wins.

If you have any nominations for who should win next year's award (remember, no criteria at all for this one), please send

them in. One more thing — Shelby's advice for youngins: "Once you get started on something, stick with it!"

Good advice. Nice gal.

Shelby, congratulations on this esteemed honor! We couldn't get the autographed Garth Brooks picture you requested for your prize, but your very own signed Don "The Dragon" Wilson glossy is in the mail!



"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

March 5, 1994

Kellogg's Frosted Flakes
P.O. Box CAMB
Battle Creek, Mich. 49016-1986

Dear Mr. Kellogg:

As a senior citizen who is a avid eater of your cereal for many years now, I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

My granddaughter Mary will be turning 5 soon and I have a great idea. Her favorite cartoon character is Tony The Tiger because Frosted Flakes is her favorite cereal. She even plays with the box! I am planning to throw her one humdinger of a birthday party with her and all her little friends and I know she would be thrilled if Tony The Tiger could be there, too.

Is he available for private parties? If so I would like to rent him. I could give you \$50 and this is negotiable. The party will be at my house around 2. If he cannot make that, I might be willing to change accordingly.

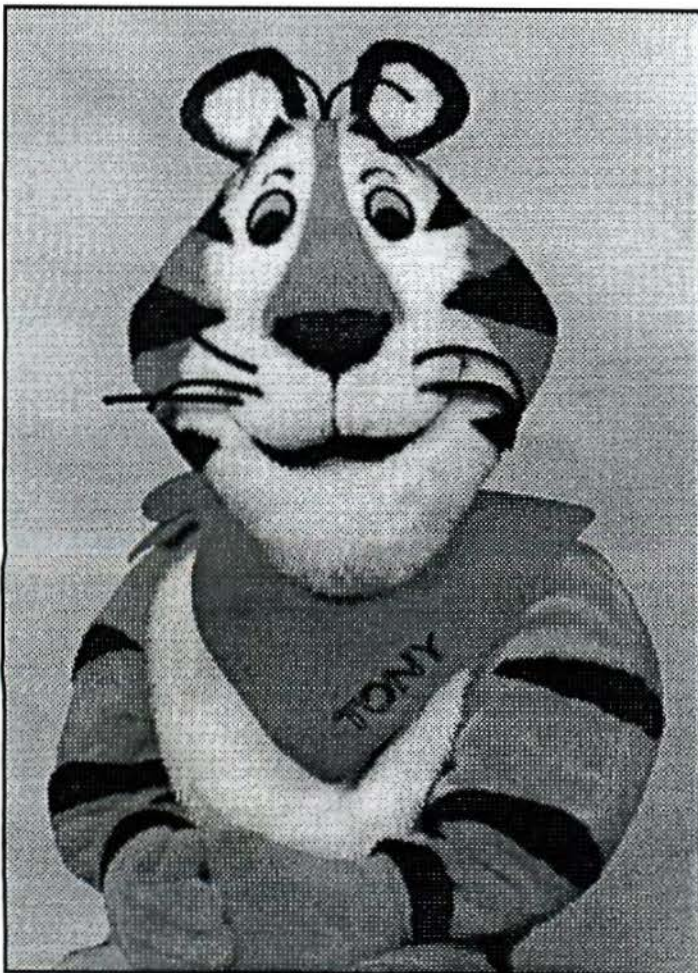
Her favorite Tony The Tiger commercial is the one where he rides down the street on one of those skateboards that the kids love so much. She just laughs and laughs when this one plays. I have to admit too it is a silly premise -- tigers can't really skate, can they? -- but one well executed. Kudos to your company for this fine advertisement.

In fact I was hoping he could duplicate this stunt at the party. We have a steep driveway so this shouldn't be a problem. I will even position myself at the curb to watch for cars as I do when Mary rides her Bigwheel.

Also is it possible for Tony to send Mary an autographed picture of him? just have him sign it to Mary. While we're at it I would like to request a copy of your nutritional facts booklet. Both can be sent to the adress below.

Thank you kindly,

Robert C. Clipson
Robert C. Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112



Kellogg's

March 23, 1994

Mary
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Dear Mary:

How lucky can a tiger be? I just found out you are a fan of mine and it makes me feel just GR-R-REAT!

Well, being a humble guy myself, I always enjoy hearing about my good friends, especially you! I've been told that I have millions of friends, and I hope I do. I do know that I'm the best-known tiger in the world. Sometimes I am sort of shy about that fact, but most of the time it makes me want to R-O-A-R!

I'm sending along a momento which I hope will be a reminder to you of our friendship.

You're GR-R-REAT! I hope we can always be friends.

I hope you eat a healthy breakfast every day. If you do, your mornings are sure to be GR-R-REAT!

Your friend,

Tony
Tony the Tiger

TTT/cmj

Enclosures

0583154A





Fear and Boasting

'92

On the Campaign Trail at the Republican National Convention in Houston, Texas, Upon Where I Got Much Free Stuff

By Rod Lott

Those of you who were alive two summers ago may remember all of the hullabaloo surrounding the 1992 Republican National Convention, also known as the GOP's last chance at Four More Years. You may have even read the straightforward, by-the-book, hard-hitting, actual real news coverage that graced your local paper's front pages all week long. As a correspondent for my college paper, I wrote some of it. But I bet you wanted the biased, behind-the-scenes stuff.

And I don't blame you. I prefer the dirt, too. So here is the moment you've been waiting for: a no-holds-barred he-man adventure that names names and is so tainted with slime and the ugly truth that it's bound to cost my alma mater more than a few alumni donation dollars in the coming years.

Overall, the RNC was quite an experience. It was a week in which I talked with Oklahoma City's premiere news babe Jenifer Reynolds three times. But it was also a week in which I badly needed a haircut. Would I do it again? Yes, if it meant I could get another three credit hours.

DAY 1

My group arrived in Houston, a town littered with porn shops and Washaterias, Sunday afternoon. After getting lost and then receiving our press credentials — but not without argument — and a media kit

that inexplicably included an instant ice pack, we checked into the Embassy Suites Hotel, where they had a free open bar for the guests, which the elder journalists flocked to like vultures on a desert corpse. We were invited to attend an invitation-only Oklahoma delegation party at the home of David and Judy Strandridge. Because this meant free food and drinks, we went.

We were told the party was, in actuality, a Mexican fiesta. That explained the three guitar-strummin' *senors* at the door and the stale tortilla chips.

While waiting at the end of a snail-like dinner line, I was pushed aside by state representative Karroll Rhoades, who cut all the way to the front of the line, the bastard. *Hey, Karroll, where in the hell are your family values?*

Before the buses had even arrived at the Strandridge home, a good number of the delegation members were already drunk from the complimentary margaritas back at the hotel. From the spirited, festive feel of the Strandridge home, I could sense that, pretty soon, things were bound to get nutty.

And they did. Delegate/regent Ed Calhoon walked right into the glass patio door. His face pressed right up against it. He looked like a very Saran Wrapped ham.

Not one minute later, delegate Kaye Kirk did the exact same thing, but topped

Ed's bravura performance by falling flat on her butt.

Silly Republicans, tricks are for kids.

DAY 2

The Embassy also has a free, all-you-can-eat breakfast for its guests. But I had to get up early to get it, because the delegation thought it best to hold an early caucus before the opening day at the Astrodome, though they could never get themselves on time *anywhere*.

This is when I was really able to begin to separate which delegates I liked and which delegates I loathed.

After the caucus, it was on to the Astrodome. All other members of my group, writing for small town papers, had passes that read "PRESS," whereas mine read, "SPECIAL PRESS." You would think that meant I was to receive the star treatment.

Wrong.

Unfortunately for me, they used the word "SPECIAL" here as you would in the term "special education." In other words, because I represented a lowly college paper, I was seen as slower and not as important as the other kids. Thus, while my classmates got to roam the floor with movers and shakers, I was all the way up in Level 6, Aisle 649, Row F, Seat 5. These were the cheap seats. John Hinckley could have gotten better seats than this. If the other press people were Florida, I'd be American Samoa.

DAY 3

More free breakfast, followed by an utterly boring morning session, opened the day.

Not wishing to sit through the convention formalities, I stepped over to the AstroArena, a sort-of flea market for anything bearing an illustration of an elephant. From T-shirts to jewelry, any wares remotely Republican could be bought here.

I stopped at the Bob Dole Prostate Cancer Detection Booth, where I was lectured about the prostate by the gray-haired guy manning the booth. He — and not Bob Dole, sadly — offered to give me a *free* digital rectal examination to check the health of my prostate.

"And how is that done?" I asked, which I shouldn't have.

"Well, we take you behind this wall here and the doctor puts his fingers into your rectum," the man said, a flimsy makeshift wall and tube of K-Y Jelly waiting behind him. "He can feel your prostate from there. If it's smooth, then you're fine, but if it's rough, then we've got a problem."

Oh, I think not. Even if I was enough of a hypochondriac to fall for it, the wall that ensured privacy looked extremely unsturdy. I think it could have been toppled over by a cough.

Instead, I accepted some literature and was on my way. One pamphlet, issued by the Bladder Health Council, included a quiz entitled "Test Your Knowledge About Urinary Tract Infections" and illustrations that made me cringe.

I was, however, unaware that one can acquire such an infection by "recently having had a medical instrument inserted into the urethra," but thankfully, my urethra has been, to date, instrument-free.

The booklet also offered these two handy tips: "Don't postpone — urinate when you feel the urge. Don't rush — take



This man would feel your prostate for free.

the time when you urinate to empty your bladder completely." Hey, *thanks*.

Excuse me, Mr. Prostate Man, but why are you handing out such garbage at a political convention? And right next to the Encyclopedia Britannica display, for God's sake? *Where in the hell are your family values?*

On my way back through the security checkpoint, I accidentally bumped into Peter Jennings, *literally*. "I'm sorry," I apologized. He failed to recognize me and lit a cig.

Free drinks and popcorn at the hotel. Before the evening session, the three-busload delegation attended a reception at the cramped Post Oak Grille. (Or should that just be "Grill," Mr. Quayle?) It was here that Sen. Don Nickles downed concoctions known as "frozen hurricanes."

Drinking in public, Don? And in a re-election year? *Where in the hell are your family values?*

Again, the reception was free, so I loaded up on the roast beef and rolls and stepped outside onto the patio, where I had the most intelligent and enlightening conversation of the week, and it was with a 13-year-old.

Later, outside the Astrodome, one of many hippie protesters asked me, "Did you know marijuana once saved George Bush's life?" Spookily resembling Dennis Hopper in *Apocalypse Now*, he explained that Bush's WWII parachute was made of hemp and thus, marijuana should be legalized. So I asked him what he thought of the other issues being debated indoors.

"Nah, I'm not really interested in what's goin' on in there," he said. "Even if

I could get in, I wouldn't want to go." Figures, since the marijuana wasn't inside, but out on the street.

DAY 4

Free breakfast, and that was the highlight. We were spared a morning session, proving that there is a God, and took a tour of NASA.

We had to wait a while to get in so everyone mingled and yawned. A loudmouthed delegate took it upon himself to bug KWTN-9 news babe Jenifer Reynolds, so I swept in and saved the princess of broadcasting by having her take a picture with me. As someone said me after the flashbulb had gone off, "Rod, you can die now."

I should have taken his advice. The NASA tour was as about a non-tour as you can get without being mistaken for loitering. The tour guides didn't know where to take us, what to show us or even what to say.

Mr. Loudmouth seemed to enjoy himself, however, judging from the continuous, detailed comments he made into the microphone of his video camera. This was the same camera that he had to consult with Jenifer about a total of three times two days ago, because he couldn't figure out how to work it, much less turn the damn thing on. I suppose he thought she would know, simply because she is on TV. And, yes, he called her "Reynolds."

While the group was waiting on the bus to be transported to Mission Control, one delegate's wife went into near hysterics because her husband was not on the bus, but rather still in the bathroom with the OU

Most Memorable Lines of the Week, Best Left Unattributed and/or Unexplained

"Should we inform him of the statutory rape law?"

"Could you get me some coffee, please? *Get me some fucking coffee! I need some decaf!*"

"I stopped up the toilet...with pizza."

College Republicans chairman.

Though pregnant, she twice sprinted off the bus in search of her hubby, appearing near tears when he did not immediately return. The fiber-friendly hubby did finally make it. As one of his four kids posed him a question as to his whereabouts, he said, "Ssh...there's press on this bus."

Hence, the two previous paragraphs.

Mission Control was even worse than the initial part of the tour. I've learned more about the space program from watching Larry Hagman on reruns of *I Dream of Jeannie*.

When it came time for questions, one dumb woman embarrassed our entire state not by asking our host an important question that had relevance to his preceding statements, but by asking, "Are you a Republican?"

Hey, at least Loudmouth thought it was funny.

From there, it was a short jaunt to Landry's, a seafood restaurant on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, where we got more free food. This reception was hosted by Phillips Petroleum, who further tried to bribe us into buying their gas from here on out by showering us with pocket flashlights and car air fresheners, all emblazoned with the Phillips insignia.

On our way back to the hotel, where we would again take full advantage of the free drinks, a boy of about seven years of age and



Jenifer 'n' Rod

one of about six were wrestling on the bus seat. I thought the younger one was getting rather "handsy" with the elder boy, and my suspicions were confirmed when the younger one shoved his hand down the front of the elder boy's shorts four or five times, much to both their delight, all while their senator dad sat right across the aisle, oblivious to the perversity around him.

Senator, why not pay attention to your kid for a change and teach him that molestation is just not right? *Where in the hell are your family values?*

I went to the BellSouth media lounge, which was nothing more than a trough. There, media folk like myself (although I had to borrow the food pass, which was not issued out to any member of the so-called "SPECIAL MEDIA") could feast on sub-

marine sandwiches, pretzels, frankfurters and other artery-clogging foods for free. They even had free beer. Needless to say, there were a lot of media people not doing much work.

DAY 5

The last free breakfast, and then it was off to the Hyatt Regency downtown to see the 7' x 11' chocolate elephant. After that, the last free drinks at the hotel.

The Pledge of Allegiance was led by none other than Shannen Doherty, from *Beverly Hills 90210*. To this day, I don't understand the thinking behind this genius move: to have our country's message of patriotism read live to reach the heart of every American by *Shannen Doherty*?

Shannen, where in the hell are your family values?

Having taken someone else's pass — hell, screw Secret Service — I was able to make my way down to the

fated Level 1, where I (unbeknownst to me at the time) sat behind Norman Mailer. He was with some really hot-looking photographer. It wasn't until much later that I found out this was his wife, Norris Church, who I think is young enough to be his great-great-granddaughter

or something like that.

As Quayle and Bush delivered their speeches, I was in the media room. I mention this only because in there sat a huge bowl full of Jolly Ranchers. I stuffed my pockets.

As the convention came to a close, we loaded our OU van and left the hotel around midnight. We were to arrive in Norman some-



What is she protesting? Who cares?

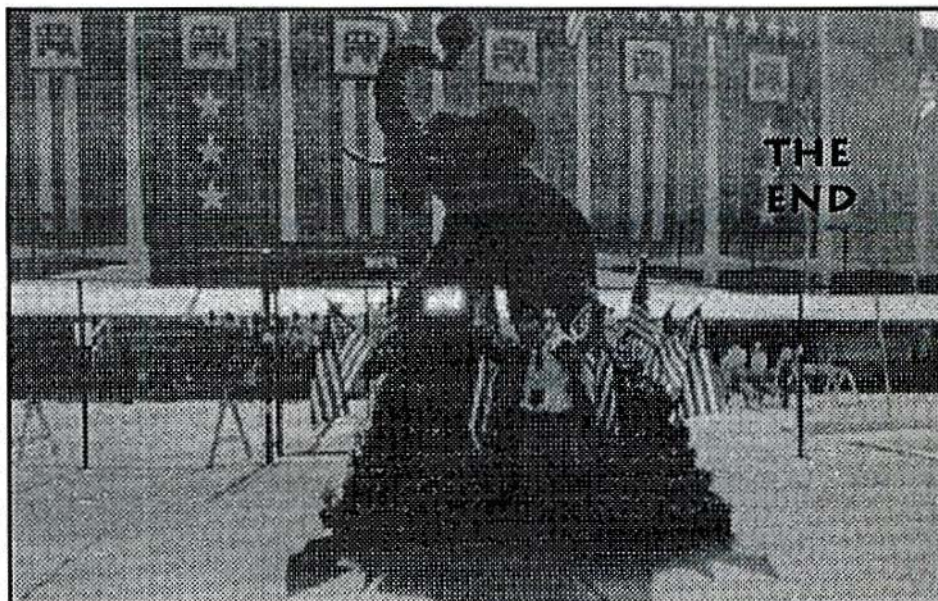
time around 8 Friday morning.

Travelin' down the highway, I thought to myself how much I would like to be a delegate.

Then my thoughts were interrupted by one of my fellow students, the mousy Iranian girl who was crying because someone spilled a teensy bit of 7-Up on her classical tapes.

Then I got back to thinking how much I would like to be a delegate again, not because I want to do some good for my party, but because I think they got even more free stuff than we media people did.

And that's just not fair.



The HITCH Guide on How to Be an **ACTION HERO**

In 4 E-Z Steps

As demonstrated by Michael Dudikoff, star of *The Human Shield*



Ever sat back on the couch with beer in hand watching fight-in' flicks on cable and thought to yourself, "Man, I can do that!"

Of course you have!

And now **HITCH** shows you how!

We believe that the nation's next Dudikoff — or Seagal or Norris, for that matter — lurks in the armchairs across America, not only watching, but *absorbing* every facet of their heroes' entire video exploits.

Dudikoff, for example, shone so well in *American Ninja* that he continued onward in *American Ninja 2: The Confrontation* and *American Ninja 4: The Annihilation*. There is no reason on Earth why you — yes, you — can't star in *American Ninja 8*. Yes, dear readers, you can be that chop-socky rib-cruncher!

Just follow these four simple steps from Dudikoff, the master himself, and pursue your dreams of cinematic manliness.

—Rod Lott

1. (left) Look ambivalent in times of crises.

2. (below) Scream with fierce believability.



give him a bad impression of Americans. Didn't want to fall into the "typical" category. Didn't want people to get up and scream "Robbery! Murder! Drugs!" when I reached in my pocket for something.

I crashed a little farther down the road, at a motor inn in Creston. Vancouver was the end of the line tomorrow.

Continuing Adventures of a Real-Life Ramblin' Man, Part 4

I suppose I should call this "part, the next," but hell, you know, I didn't. I just sort of think it's nifty to have a continuing saga — and this is indeed a real-life, veritable, seriously non-fiction saga — these sort of things seem to work well with chronological numbering. But again, I suppose it doesn't really matter all that much, as I don't exactly find necessity in knowing that I'm in day #8,517 (roughly); that doesn't really give me tips on how to go about things from day to day. Not that I don't need any help on getting by from day to day; it's not that — I figure I'll always get tired of the playing the ol' "now where did I put my keys last night" routine every morning.

Up here in Vancouver, things aren't all that different, other than the fact that booze is, like, 10 times more expensive and you get around town on buses; I still go through basically the same things I did back in Oklahoma. Now, don't let me mislead you. I am an American in a foreign place, and as far as that thing goes, I don't think it's much different up here in Iglooland than it is in any other foreign place. I'm still a damned American dumbass to these denizens.

I just love that word "denizens," because even though it doesn't mean anything necessarily *bad*, it sure as hell sounds like it does. You could really insult someone who didn't know what exactly a denizen was by calling them that. I want to say, seemingly every day, "Get lost, denizen."

Of course, I don't. Even though firearms are illegal up in Canada, there are still plenty of disaffected Canadians not about to take any shit from a Yankee on their turf. And that's what I am up here, a *Yankee*. Funny. I always thought of *Yankees* as those folks who lived north of the Mason-Dixon Line. I wasn't ever, come to think of it, called a *Yankee* back in Oklahoma.

Rebel, maybe. *Redneck*, maybe. *Hay-*

seed, maybe — oh, hell, there must be a thousand northern slams for Oklahomans. But *Yankee*? Never. And I'm glad, too; I don't care that much for being called a *racist country-boy inbred bastard*, but calling me a *Yankee* would have been a slam indeed.

So I've found these Canadians don't like Americans. You know, I saw a television show last night on PBS (or whatever the hell they call it up here) about Martin Luther King and the whole Southern bigoted thing and heard some folks describing trying to find a place to stay in their new cities and towns. And you know, I experienced some of the same sorta things those unfortunate people did down there. Now, what I experienced was certainly nothing like the blatant hatred and extreme circumstances the black people experienced, but prejudice is prejudice any way you look at it.

And I do believe I was prejudiced against. Ever seen a "FOR RENT" sign in front of some apartment building and found out the place had "just been rented" from the manager when you inquired about



the place? I did. Ever had that happen to you six days straight? I did. And no, I didn't like it one damn bit. Camping out in a campground isn't exactly Triple-A livin'. And I did do that.

Now, the campground was nice. I mean, hills, greenery, pleasant birds and squirrels who liked peanut butter, nice travelers camping beside me (no more Wyoming motorcyclists and their domestic disputes acting as my neighbors), cool evenings and quiet nights. I like camping. I enjoy it a lot. But to do it for pleasure is one thing; to do it out of necessity with a carload of books is another. But camp I did, and hell, if you need any advice for taking a trip, I'll repeat

myself from last time (or a couple of times back): *bring camping equipment*.

Of course, I'm sure hotels and motels'll be pleased to take your money for a bed, but that does have a tendency to get a tad bit expensive, especially when you have a limited cash supply. But let me explain about that next.

Back in Oklahoma City, I had taken all of my money out of my bank account. I'd done what I thought was the thing to do: I'd had the bank make me out a cashier's check. Now, do you have any idea about what exactly a cashier's check is? Think it's a guaranteed sum of money? Think it's the best way to travel with a good amount of dollars? Think it's a foolproof, no-questions-asked vehicle for commerce? Listen to the voice of experience, for I thought these things, too, dear reader, but I was absolutely incorrect. Wrong-o. Full of it.

I took my cashier's check to a bank in Vancouver — the Bank of Montreal, to be exact — and they told me they'd have to put a 30-day hold on it until it cleared. They didn't find cashier's checks all that impressive, especially those coming from the United States.

"You know," the idiot clerk told me with a "serious" look in her stupid eyes, "these problems wouldn't exist, of course, with a domestic (Canadian) money order (that's what they call cashier's checks up here). But down there (the USA), there's a lot of problems with forgeries, you know..."

So I didn't get my money for a whole damn month, because my check could have been forged. I wondered if they put holds on checks from people moving from Toronto to Calgary, or if it was just those "loud Americans" with their hick accents and their firearms. At any rate, the ridiculous can always get worse. Try explaining to your family back in Oklahoma that the bank won't give you any money.

"The Bank of *what*?" my father asked me over the pay phone.

"The Bank of Montreal," I replied.

"Montreal?" he said. "I thought you were going to Vancouver."

Oh, those loud Americans with their firearms.

But don't let me make you think I hate it up here. I don't. I actually like it, especially the good Canadian beer. But places that look fantastic in photographs don't seem to hold the same glamour they once had for you from the inside of a tent.

Joe a-Go-Go

By Joe Rogers

Further Adventures of a Ramblin' Man The Endless Proverbial Cross- Continental Saga Installation Number 3 (III)

Rand McNally's North American Road Atlas — at least the version I have, the one made back in the days when Oklahoma was still included; back when Oklahoma was still considered a state; back before Mr. McNally calculated just how much money he was wasting by taking the trouble to include that state in the middle of the country where nobody could quite pronounce the town names; where Prague was "Praigue"; where Oklahoma City was in Oklahoma County and was the capital of Oklahoma; where Broken Bow and Broken Arrow were, well, Broken Bow and Broken Arrow; back when a traveler wouldn't get "plum lost" on the way to Slapout — that good ol' Rand McNally North American Road Atlas also included British Columbia, the province (that's what they call states up in Canada) I crossed into at the Roosville port-of-entry. It was nice, I admit, to have an atlas guiding me through those mountainous roads to the Pacific Ocean.

West of the Continental Divide, it's all downhill (if you're traveling west, that is). Or at least it all sure seems to go downhill, but I guess that goes to figure, considering how it's all uphill before you hit the Divide. I crossed the Divide outside of Butte, Montana, but had been moving northward until crossing the border. In short, the slope of the road had seemed to be relatively proportioned up and down, which was enough for a flatlander like me to get a little uncomfortable.

But heading west at Elko along Canadian Highway 3, I noticed the downhill forward motion becoming more and more certain. I suppose the more frequent runaway truck lanes could have tipped me off to that fact, too. But what really gave it away was how I seemed to be driving with my foot on the brake a hell of a lot of the

time. I figure it'd be like that until I hit sea level. Of course, sea level wouldn't be reached until hitting Vancouver, which was a solid day's drive way. Ah, yes, I thought, I can already hear the joyous praise of my name coming from the engine.

But I'd heard this sort of praise before this downhill run. On the day I made it north at Kalispell, heading through the United States for one final hour (oh, the teary-eyed thoughts!), I hit Eureka. Now, the main industry up in that part of the world is lumber. Lumber lumber lumber. Lumber is in abundance, and lumber sells pretty good. Lumber is used to make houses. Lumber makes paper bags. Lumber even makes golf tees. They're pretty diverse, the types of uses we've come up with for lumber. Lumber has, though, one unfortunate aspect: It is heavy.

Those damn lumber trucks had torn up the road so bad that the government had stripped the asphalt completely away for about 10 miles. On top of that, it had rained the day before, making Highway 93 into a dirt road rural route. I bounced and bounced and bounced, and the car did so, too. The rural route was not an impressive way to leave the United States, and I figured it was even less impressive to those folks who were heading the other direction, the Canadians just entering the United States.

"Oh, no, Harry," I could just hear one of them saying to the other, "I sure do hope not all the roads down here are like this."

I pulled off the road at a gas station just after the pavement had come back.

"Good God," I said to the clerk, "what the hell's wrong with the road out there?"

"Huh?" she said. "Oh, the road." She smiled. "They do that every year. Lumber trucks. Tear it up. Fix it every year."

"Mighty nice of 'em," I said.

"Huh huh huh," she laughed with a very dumb laugh. "Huh huh huh," she said.

I went out and got back in the car. It was dirty beyond recognition. It resembled a burrito.

I got to Cranbrook at dinnertime. It was

nifty driving around in this new country, even though I hadn't really gotten to experience a customs "checkover." The money was even nifty (I'd changed some of my American cash in Missoula) — did you know they have a \$2 bill up in Canada? A \$1 coin with 11 sides (I counted them; that should tell you how interesting I found the currency) and a loon on one side of it? "Loonies," they're called. Nifty, I thought, nifty money.

Evidently, the Canadians didn't think as highly of their money as I did, judging by the way you had to spend lots of it all the time. Most everything seems to be overpriced in Canada — at least beer does. But I got all wrapped up in that last time. It just keeps nudging at me, these beer prices. Maybe it's because I like beer enough to pay their prices for it, but just can't keep from moaning about it.

"Typical American," the Canadians would say. But they don't say anything derogatory to me, about either myself or the United States. I can't figure out whether they're just polite or are afraid I'm packing a .45 automatic, conforming to the "typical American" image I think they have up here. It's either that or the stars-and-bars T-shirt of which I am so fond.

Anyhow, I found a Denny's in Cranbrook. I ordered a burger and an iced tea. But what they brought out was a drink that tasted more like a soft drink than iced tea. "Excuse me," I said to the waiter, "but I believe I ordered iced tea."

"Yes, you did," he said.

"Well?" I said.

"You don't like the tea?" he asked, puzzled.

"You mean this is iced tea?"

"Oh, you're from the States, aren't you?" the waiter said. "Our iced tea is a little different than what you drink down there. That stuff tastes terrible and dries out your mouth. Don't you like this tea better?"

"Well," I said, "I can't exactly say."

"You'll get used to it," he said, laughing. "You'll not want to drink that American dirty water again!"

Hmmm, I thought. I tasted the tea again. It was the same: a soft drink. Which was fine, I guess, but I don't much care for soft drinks other than beer. Now beer, though, that's a soft drink I can handle.

I didn't share this little joke with the Canadian waiter, however. Didn't want to

Proposed Direct Mail Approach to Prostate Awareness with Bob

Dear Friend,

Hello! Robert Goulet, star of stage and screen, here, but you can call me Bob, because all my friends do. Can't we be friends, too? After all, we do have something in common: a prostate.

Yes, a prostate. At time, the prostate is our friend. But there are other times where it swells to the size of Barbra Streisand's honker and feels as good as ants in your pants! And that's no fun!

As a survivor of prostate cancer myself, I'm writing you today to urge you to get your prostate checked. You know when you're enjoying a good bowl of mixed nuts and you come across

one of those huge cashews that's actually like two or three of them that have somehow fused together in one of God's many unexplainable miracles? Well, if your prostate is as big as that rare jewel of a cashew, you're not in for a treat. That's why it's important to get it checked today.

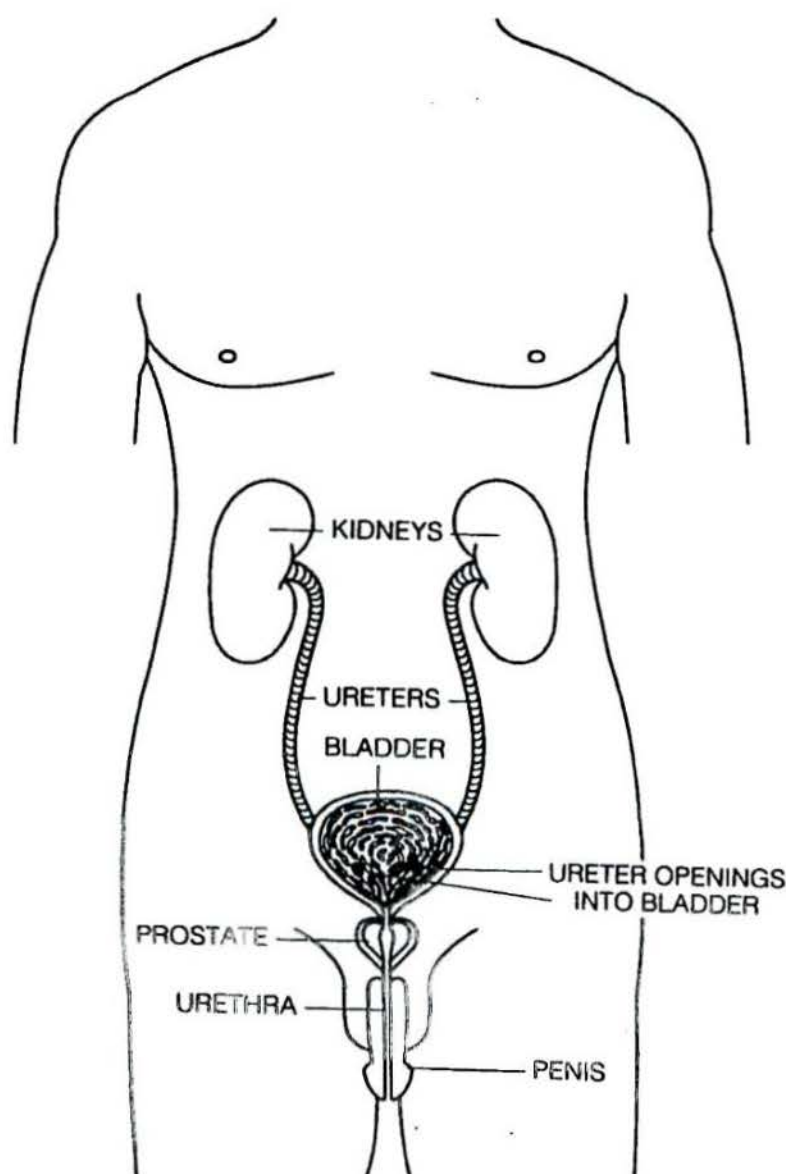
Oh, I'm not going to tell you it doesn't hurt. It tickles a little and gives you a warm feeling all over, like a piping hot bowl of vegetable soup on a cold winter's day. Some people even like getting it checked. I happen to be one of them.

Do it today, pal, before it's too late and so every evening of the rest of your life can be an enchanted one.

Love,

Bob XXOO

P.S.: And be sure to check out my new album, "Songs to Get Your Prostate Checked By," due in stores March 31. I think you'll dig it, kid.



HITCH POLL

In honor of Robert Goulet's extreme courage in waging his one-man war against the evil known as prostate cancer, we at **HITCH** want to know your thoughts on that veritable superhighway of the human body: the urinary tract.

Simply answer the questions below, referring to the diagram at left if necessary, and send your answers to us right away. Results will be analyzed with sheer scrutiny and published in an upcoming issue.

If you're using the U.S. Postal Service (and we suggest you don't given our distaste for yet another stamp increase), send it to **HITCH** HQ at 5504 N. Tulsa Ave., Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or, if you're itchin' to give us your opinions instantly, e-mail us at rlott@aol.com.

Do it tomorrow, if not today.

1. Do you consider the urinary tract to be your friend? Your enemy? Explain.
2. What is the strangest thing that has ever passed through your urethra?
3. Ever had an itch in your corpus cavernosum?
4. Which ureter do you perceive would be tastier: the left or right one?
5. If you were head of McDonald's and got to pick which part of the urinary tract could be placed as a prize in every Happy Meal, which would you choose and why?

It's in the Hole!

Pro Golfer Bruce Devlin Had a Problem, Too

Also visiting the Sooner State recently to chat prostates with all the Joe Q. Publics not too embarrassed to show up and ask questions about it was veteran PGA golfer and NBC golf announcer Bruce Devlin.

Aside from their prostate problem, Devlin and Goulet share little in common:

- Goulet is a kitsch songster, whereas Devlin cannot sing, but has a neat Australian accent, making him sound like Crocodile Dundee's wise uncle.

- Goulet was "laced with cancer," whereas Devlin was diagnosed with the lesser of two evils: benign prostatic hyperplasia, a condition that doesn't necessarily lead to prostate cancer.

- Goulet said he was 60 years old, whereas Devlin said he was 57, but chose not to play Nostradamus by predicting the year of his death.

- Goulet made a fool of

himself in front of untold millions by guest-starring on CBS' *Burke's Law*, a dumb show for old people who find Angela Lansbury spicy, whereas Devlin maybe goofed in front of a mere fraction of Goulet's audience by running his golf cart into a steel pole, injuring his ankle.

Devlin had his first brush with prostate dysfunction when he noticed he had trouble sleeping and had to get up several times throughout the night to urinate. Upon telling this to his physician, the doc immediately ordered: "Bend over."

"We try to impress it upon not only the guys but the gals in the audience to get their men to go do a PSA test," Devlin said. "It only takes 15 seconds. That's all it takes to give a little bit of blood. Two days later, you get the report back. It's pretty painless, but it's worth it, and it's not expensive."



Devlin does his spooky Bela Lugosi impression.



An unidentified woman growls at Devlin.

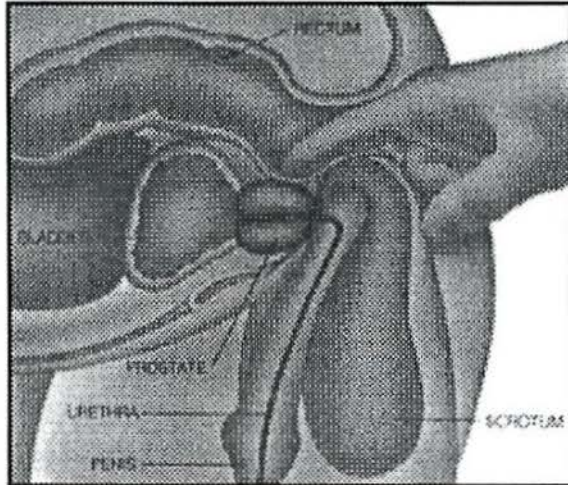


At left, Bob tries in vain to presumably demonstrate a new parlor trick he probably learned backstage at Caesar's Palace from Rip Taylor: shaking hands without looking. Sadly, his efforts are naught.

years, but he may not. And it's a shame, because the man's got 500 million bucks and he's not gonna be able to spend it. I'll find a way! Michael, let me help you!...Oh, you're gonna print that?

HITCH: Just taking notes. Do you have any medical advice for the people who are starting to hit their 40s?

Goulet: Get a test! Don't wait around, don't play with it. We've lost people in their late 40s and early 50s because they



didn't get a test. Simple thing. We didn't have the test 15 years ago. Now we do. Simple little thing. A little needle, a little blood, they let you know. Because my digital exam showed nothing. I had no enlargement, no problems with my bladder, none whatsoever. Even a week before the operation, everything was fine. But, hey, he pulled it out and said, "You were laced, kid, you were laced."

HITCH: Was it scary at all for you?

Goulet: No. No, I've had operations before. It's gotta come out! Why be worried about that? If I'm gonna die, I die, and if the cancer spreads and I have to get chemotherapy, I'll get chemotherapy. What I was worried most about was incontinency, but I was continent (*knocks on wood*) so I was lucky.

HITCH: Okay.

Goulet: Alright!

HITCH: That's all the questions I have. Could I get a picture with you?

Goulet: No.

HITCH: No?

Goulet: Well, you just took 14 of them!

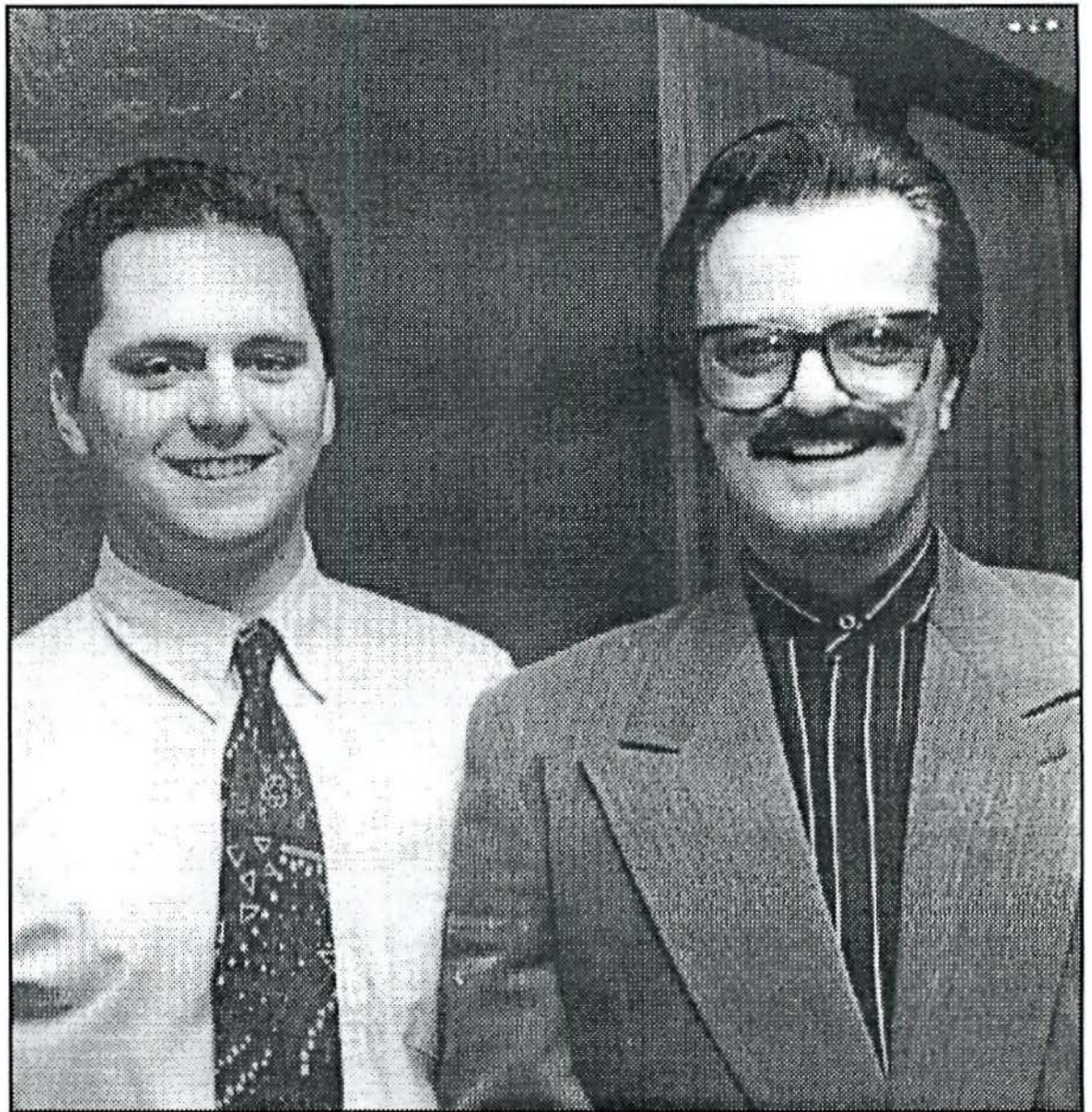
HITCH: Those were of us sitting and talking. I want one of us standing!

Goulet: Oh, all right. From one generation to another (*elbows Rod in stomach*)....Take the photo.

Photographer: What do you want, Rod?

HITCH: What?

Photographer: What do you want me to do? Just you two—



Only one of these men has never had his prostate tickled.

Goulet: Take the picture!

HITCH: Just take a couple of shots and make them good. Make me look better than him.

Goulet: That's easy.

Photographer: Alright.

HITCH: One more.

Photographer: Look at each other or something.

Goulet: I don't wanna look at each other! You're taking the picture so we'll look at you!

Photographer: Look over there. Look at Rod. Go ahead, look at Rod.

(*doesn't look; picture taken anyway*)

HITCH: Thank you.

Goulet: Thank you, young man.

HITCH: I really appreciate the interview.

Goulet: My pleasure.

HITCH: We'll get out of your hair now.

Goulet: Yeah.



The Robert Goulet

**DEATH
WATCH**



**Approximately
27 years
remaining**



Bob attempts to regale — but instead visbly bores — Rod with visual aids regarding the size of his once-inflamed gland.

What message do you hope to bring?

Goulet: I'm just gonna try and tell people who are, you know, in their 40s to go and get the PSA test and make sure that they get control of their lives. If I hadn't had my PSA test, I'd probably be dead within a year.

HITCH: Do you think that you being a celebrity will make people listen more?

Goulet: Hopefully. I did something on *Good Morning America* that had response from several people that said they went in and got their tests and it saved their lives, so therefore, if that can happen just once, it's all worthwhile.

HITCH: I'd like to ask you a question about your career. Your generation is the one that made you famous, whereas my generation missed out on *Camelot* and all that, but you've endeared yourself to my generation through your appearances in *Naked Gun 2 1/2*, *Scrooged*, *Police Squad!* Has that brought you a younger following?

Goulet: I think so to a certain extent, but just doing *The Simpsons* brought me more young fans than anything else, and it was just a little piece of cake, that took me 5 minutes to record it, but most of my work — when I got my Emmys and my Tonys — were in the early '60s and you weren't even born yet.

HITCH: Right.

Goulet: So that the people who see me now don't know what the hell I've done! I've recorded 40 albums, and nobody ever has heard them, yet I got a Grammy for

being the best recording artist of 1962. That was 33 years ago. And kids today — if I was born 20 years later, I'd have a guitar in my hand and I'd own half of Los Angeles.

HITCH: What upcoming projects do you have?

Goulet: Oh, I'm going to be doing more concert work; that is, with the symphonies. I might even come here; who knows? Uh, a little more acting. I just did a *Burke's Law*, I did a walk-on on Don Adams' *Get Smart*. They're bringing that

back. I did a walk-on, just a cute little thing, two seconds. And then I did a walk-on for Jay Leno that'll be on Tuesday night. But I'm going to do more acting. Leslie Briceless, I don't know if you know who he is—

HITCH: No.

Goulet: He's a writer. He wrote *Stop the World, I Want To Get Off* and several other musicals. *Doctor Dolittle*. That's all before your time. But he's written a musical right now, he's just finished it with the late Hank Mancini — *Victor Victoria*, which will star Julie Andrews. He's got a Jekyll and Hyde musical coming out, and then he wants to do a musical on King Henry the Eighth that he calls *Henry's Wives*, and he wants me to play Henry the Eighth, and he's not gonna do this for five years. And I don't think I'm right, but he says, "Yes, you are, Robert. No one else can do it better than you." So I'm gonna go out there with hats on and kill my wives — you know, it should be fun. But that's maybe...uh, '95 or '96.

HITCH: Did your prostate problems affect your career any?

Goulet: No. Just, uh, I went back to work three weeks after the operation.

HITCH: So you caught it just in time before it had any long-term effects?

Goulet: I guess so. If I waited, because the prostate cancer can spread very quickly. Once it does that, it gets into your lymph system and then, uh, you had it. You can live maybe five years, 10 years. I'm told Mike Milken could live another 15



Bob channels the spirit of deceased pal Gordon McRae.

Some Enchanted Evening, You May Feel My Prostate

By Rod Lott

Singer and sometime actor Robert Goulet returned to the Oklahoma City stage for one enchanted evening late in September. This trip, however, he wasn't here to belt out cheesy show tunes for the blue-haired crowd, but to talk candidly about his battle with prostate cancer.

As a public service to **HITCH** readers who won't hit the prostate age for at least another two decades or so, we present the following uncensored interview with the mustachioed man whose ego is so big, he's not afraid to skirt the subject to reveal his plans for world domination.

HITCH: When did your bout with prostate cancer start?

Goulet: Oh, I think it was in 1991 when Dr. Kipper in Los Angeles. I wasn't feeling well and he said, "I'm going to give you a PSA test." I didn't know what it was. I said, "What is it for?" He said it was for the detection of prostate cancer. I hadn't heard about that, and the PSA came out between 3 and 4 and he said, "That's fine. That's normal, nothing to be concerned about." About a year later, I have an exam for an insurance policy for a production of *Camelot* that I was doing and it turned out that the PSA was like between 7 and 8, and that's in one year. He said, "Now we have to keep an eye on it." So six months later after we did the run of the show, we had some time off and I had to get another exam, I needed another physical. So I take another PSA test. The insurance company didn't ask for it; we insisted on it. Whoops! Between 11 and 12. That was rather quick, so I went to L.A. and had all the tests — the MRIs and the bone scans, the cultures. If you know anything about it, the cultures is between zero and 5. Zero is good, 5 is bad. And one set was 3.5, the other was 3.4, so it was cancer. I said, "Let's (phft!) take it out." I didn't want to take chances with chemotherapy or radiation. I had to

get back to work so I had no time left, and said, "Let's get rid of it, I've got five to six weeks before I have to be back." I was surprised that my lower intestinal tract was blocked, so they couldn't operate on me at that time. I waited five months, I took drugs to keep the cancer from spreading. And I did. And on December the 7th, I had it removed. I was laced with cancer. But according to the doctor, he said, "We got it all and need no further therapy. Just keep an eye on it." At last count, my PSA was 0.2, so it's gone.

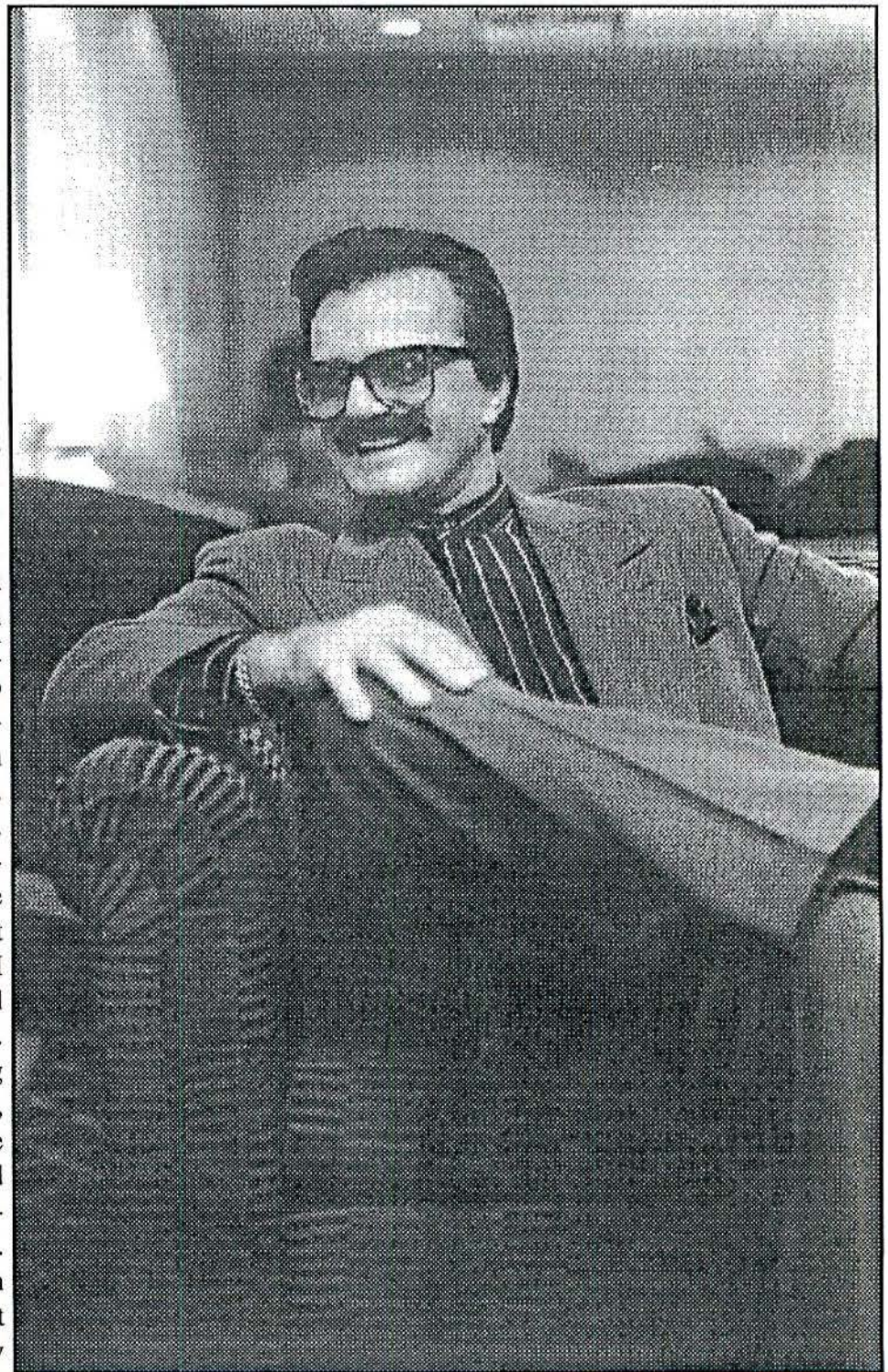
HITCH: What is your age?

Goulet: 60.

HITCH: Did it affect your outlook on life any?

Goulet: Hell, no! I'm gonna die when I'm 88; I got it all planned.

HITCH: 88?



Goulet: 88. My wife says, "What happens when you're 87 and you're in good health. Are you gonna change your mind?" and I say, "I might." Heh-heh-heh! I think 88's a good time to go and see the Lord. What the hell? He's been waiting a long time for me. Get me in the choir...oh, I'll be up there. Me and Gordon McRae.

HITCH: Why are you here today?



3. (above) Outwit cunning forces by emoting like Bill Bixby, mere moments before he turned into The Incredible Hulk.

4. (below) When all else fails, flip guys out of Jeeps.



INTERVIEW WITH THE KICKBOXER

By Rod Lott

The former world kickboxing champion turned B-movie action hero Don "The Dragon" Wilson works for Roger Corman, and he loves it.

"Roger Corman is a legendary Hollywood filmmaker," Wilson said. "He's literally the last great studio mogul."

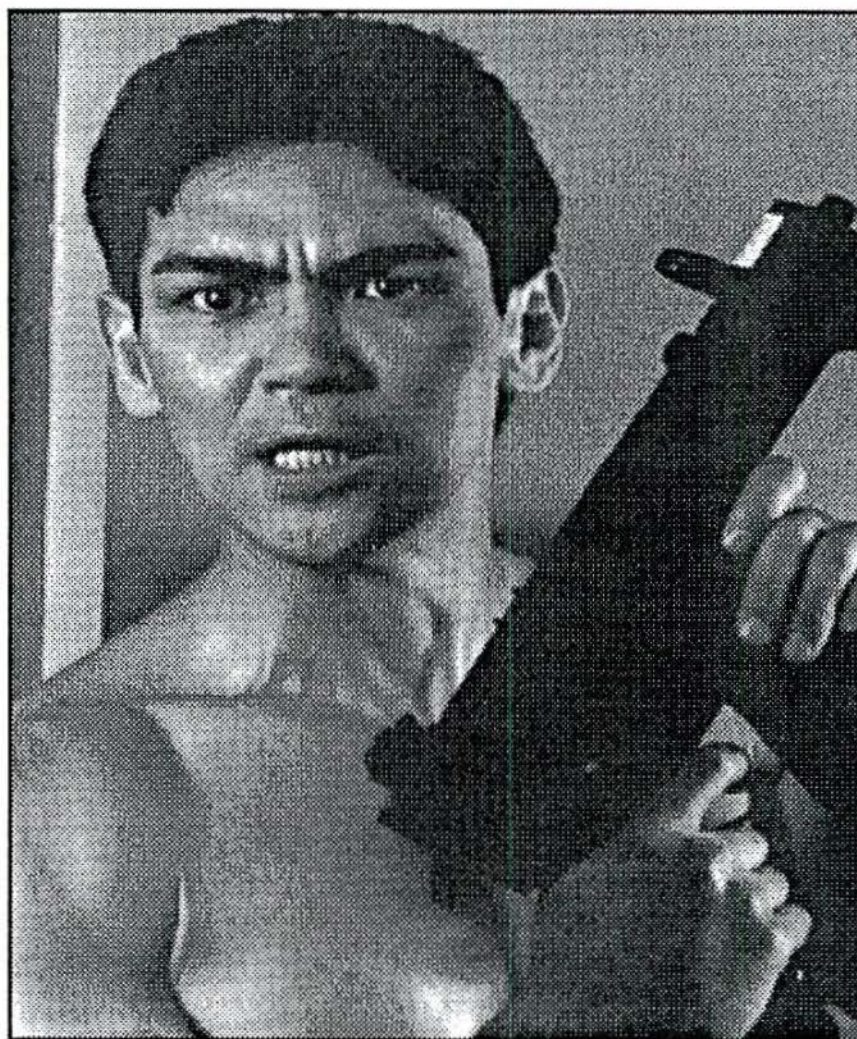
Now retired from kickboxing after 10 world titles and an astounding 69-5-2 record, the 40-year-old Illinois native who described himself as "the only six-foot Asian in Hollywood with a hick accent" was in Oklahoma City one December night to promote his latest film, *Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero*, co-starring baseball great Steve Garvey, which was 24 hours away from its world premiere on HBO prior to its Jan. 31 release on Corman's New Horizons Home Video label.

While waiting for him in the basement of the Hilton Inn Northwest to emerge from his hotel room to kick off an autograph session — to be followed by dinner, drinks and a screening of the latest *Bloodfist* entry — I chatted with New Horizons sales rep Lisa Durell, who showed me a picture of her alongside Roger himself and lamented about the company's loss of the superhero opus *The Fantastic Four*.

"We never saw the whole thing, but what we saw, we thought was really good," she said.

Lisa assured me Don was a really nice guy, but that he looked different than his image on the many *Bloodfist* posters adorning the walls because he was growing his hair out for a role in an upcoming vampire flick.

When he arrived minutes later, we sat down for an interview. Though I had never seen *Bloodfist*, *Bloodfist II*, *Bloodfist III: Forced to Fight*, *Bloodfist IV: Die Trying* or even *Bloodfist V:*



Wilson in *Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero*

Human Target, I was prepared.

HITCH: The movie you're promoting is *Bloodfist VI*, right?

Wilson: Yeah. The *Bloodfists* are a series of film which are not sequels, even though they all say *Bloodfist*. What it means basically, because I finally asked Roger Corman, I said, "Roger, we're not making sequels here." He said, "Don, if I put a *Bloodfist* on it, it means that there's karate and you're in it." That's all it means. It's not any natural sequel like *Lethal Weapon 1* or *2*. I'm different characters in every one. This is *Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero*.

HITCH: So why *Bloodfist VI*? What does this one have that the others don't?

Wilson: This one has more action, I think. My later films, I've been doing crossovers, because they know basically the martial arts fans will appreciate the film because I'm in it and I'm doing martial arts. But if you can get the action fans, too....This movie is

more like *Under Siege* or *Die Hard*. It's more action than it is just martial arts.

HITCH: How'd you get the nickname "The Dragon"?

Wilson: That's the style of kung-fu I studied, the white dragon style of kung-fu. When I started fighting, which was in 1974, that was my ring name and when I came to Hollywood, just became my film name. It wasn't really a choice. When I first moved out to L.A., it was in '85 and I hired like the biggest publicity firm you could get, and the first thing they told me was, "You gotta change this name. This 'Don Wilson' does not translate into an Asian doing martial arts." I said, "There's no way I'm gonna change my name." And so instead, as a compromise, we kinda stuck in "The Dragon," which related more to martial arts and my background.

HITCH: So do your friends call you "Don" or "The Dragon"?

Wilson: My friends call me Don, of course.

HITCH: How did you make the move from a kickboxing champion to movies?

Wilson: Well, I'd been fighting since '74 and I held the title from '80 to '92, but when I moved out, it was in 1985, and I was doing both: fighting and working as an actor. It was about '86 or '87 when martial arts just kind of exploded. I mean, right now, it's so hot, if you think about it. Films like *Double Dragon*, *Street Fighter*, *Mortal Kombat*. It's just the rise and popularity of martial arts coincided with my wind-down as an athlete. Knock on wood; I was lucky.

HITCH: What is it about martial arts that appeals to kids?

Wilson: Well, the action films as a genre have never been so strong as they are now. All the top actors, the ones that make the most money, basically are doing action: Schwarzenegger, Seagal, Stallone. I mean, action is popular. My reason for it, the way I see it, you turn on the evening news, at least in L.A., you see the bad guys winning constantly.

We're not winning the war on drugs; there's more drugs now than when Reagan launched his big war on drugs. And the bad guys seem to be winning a lot in the news, and to counteract that, we've created these comic-book-like characters that Stallone plays and Schwarzenegger and myself, and we get the bad guys. I mean, Bruce Willis in *Die Hard* — one cop took out like 20 terrorists or something. It's an imaginary way we can get in fantasy what we don't actually get in real life.

HITCH: Is acting more to your liking than kickboxing?

Wilson: No way. Acting is a job, it's a hard job. It has its rewards, but it's work, whereas kickboxing...there's no money in it; I did it because I loved it. I was an engineering major, and had I gone on and got my degree in engineering, I would've paid to do the kickboxing. I wouldn't tell the promoters that while I was fighting, but that's the state of the sport: People do martial arts because they love it, not because there's a big, financial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I managed to translate

somewhat my kickboxing background into film, but it's not prerequisite for film, either. I'm the only kickboxing champion making movies. Van Damme said he was, but he never had a fight. You know, Van Damme lied. Seagal never had a fight, Van Damme's never had a fight, and they're the two biggest lies. And Chuck Norris was not a kickboxer; he was a martial artist and a traditional point fighter. So I'm really the only one that's translated it into any major success in film.

HITCH: Which film has been your favorite so far?

Wilson: My favorite one hasn't come out yet, but my favorite one that's come out to date, of course, is *Ground Zero*. The truth is, my real favorite film

less," he said breathlessly, appearing as if he was about to collapse. He asked if Don knew such-and-such fight promoter.

Don said he didn't.

"Well, he knows you," the kid said, noting that Don and the guy met at such-and-such place in such-and-such year.

"I'm not doubting you," Don told him. "I just don't remember him."

As Don came back for the interview, the lad asked if he could sit in and listen. Although Don said he could, he left after two minutes, supposedly not able to handle the intense pressure.

HITCH: The first time I ever heard of you is when John Cusack said your name in *Say Anything*...

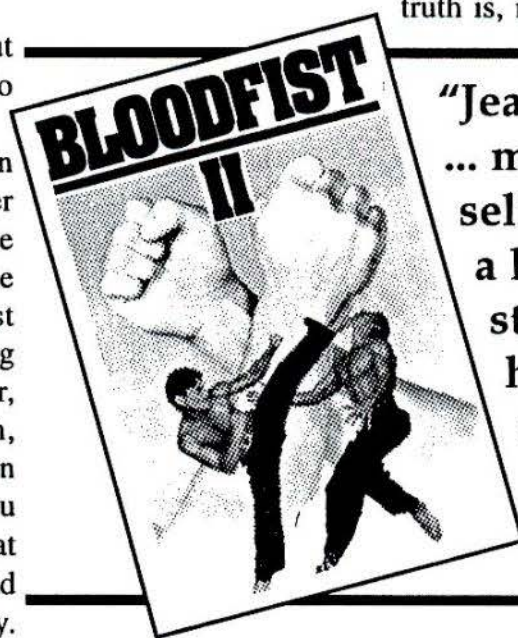
Wilson: Oh, really? Oh, wow. See, you're the mainstream audience I'm trying to get!

HITCH: Well, how are you going to make that move from video to big-budget theatrical releases? Is that what you're planning on?

Wilson: Actually, the biggest thing holding me back is my ethnic background, because when was the last time you saw an Asian starring in a Hollywood film? People say,

Bruce Lee, but I say, that was 25 years ago and on top of that, they stuck John Saxon in there to carry the film. They made it an ensemble thing, because even with Bruce Lee, they didn't believe an Asian could carry a studio film worldwide. What had happened was, the film was a tremendous success, and I don't think there's one person living today who rented, watched *Enter the Dragon* to see John Saxon. But, studio executives, it's not a matter of prejudice; I run up against it all the time. I've been offered major studio films as bad guys — I mean, *big* films — and I refused them, mainly because I've already had financial success and it's like, what do I want to do? And what I want to do is be the first Asian worldwide action star, and you know, I could say Bruce Lee was the first, but he disappeared, and Brandon was on his way, but Brandon was only a quarter Asian. He had that look. I'm half-Japanese, half-American, so for a hardcore Asian look, I should be the first.

A rather plump video store owner asked



"Jean-Fraud Van Damme ... misrepresented himself. He never worked as a kickboxer ... but he still perpetuates a falsehood of some guy who said he won a gold medal but knew he never competed."

is *Lionstrike*. The reason for that, though, and I'm not saying the quality of the film is better than any I've done in the past, is because my son is in it. And I can't help it. You know, I work and my son's five years old and we worked for a month on the show, and I can't help it when I see my son on the screen. It makes me feel good, and makes it a good film.

At this point, the first autograph seeker, a short guy about 21 years old and sporting suspenders, entered the room. His mouth dropped to the ground, much like Wile E. Coyote's, when he spotted Don.

"Wow," the kid said as he shook Don's hand. "I've seen *all* your movies, man!"

"Great, great," Don said. "Would you like to sign a poster?"

Dumbstruck, the lad could only manage to nod.

"Which one would you like me to sign?" he asked, pointing to the one-sheets from *Black Belt* and three of the *Bloodfist* films.

"Oh, *man*, any of 'em would be price-

if Don knew Brandon, which he did not. Don offered his view on *The Crow* accident anyway, stating that the crew made at least three major violations, including altering the bullets and breaking the cardinal sin of *never* actually pointing a gun at the person you're supposed to be shooting in the film.

"Here's Brandon getting killed with a revolver, which is like the safest gun you can use on a set," Don said, "and here I am at the same time, filming *Human Target*, and people are firing Uzis at me!

Nevertheless, he said he's stopped worrying about on-the-set accidents. "I feel safe on Corman's set," he commented, "because blanks cost 20 cents less than bullets."



HITCH: Lisa said you were getting ready to do a vampire movie. What's that called?

Wilson: It's called *Night Hunter*, and basically, it's a horror film that is a cross between *The Professional* and *The Crow*.

The old, curmudgeon-like video store owner butted in, "*The Crow*. A very popular film for us. Very popular. Our daughter watched it six or seven times, I think."

Don also said *Night Hunter* could be described as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* meets *Enter the Dragon*, which provoked a loud belly laugh from the man.

"*Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. Also a very popular film for us!"

Shut up.

HITCH: Is it for Corman?

Wilson: No. It's for Ashok Armitraj. He produced *Double Impact*. That was his big film. It's going to be an interesting film, because I'm not human, but I'm not a vampire, but I hunt these guys and he's kinda like *The Professional*. This guy's very meek and mild and he's like shy, but when he goes after these vampires, he's like this killer who just rips them apart. He's actually probably more dangerous than the vampires who just happens to be the good guy. It all takes place in one night and I have to stop all these vampires from reproducing. Anyway, that's going to be an interesting film, but that's the reason for the new hair. I haven't had long hair since the '60s and it's driving me crazy.

HITCH: What do you think of violence in movies? Do you think that has an effect on your audience?

Wilson: My personal opinion is that our politicians are not doing the things necessary to stop violence in the inner cities and throughout our country. But instead, they go after television because it's an easy mark. They just say that just because there's violence on TV, that's what's causing a guy to sell crack at your neighborhood store, because he watched it on TV growing up. Well, the big fallacy with that is, number one, the most violent television worldwide — and I've been all over the world — in an industrialized nation is Japan, which also has the lowest crime. You can walk the streets of Tokyo, and they've got like one cop every block and they don't even need him; he's just there to direct traffic if something happens. I

mean, it's so safe and so secure and so non-violent, and yet their soap operas, they have people getting their heads chopped off. The reason why they don't have the violence in Japan is a strong, family unit. A child respects their parents, respects their grandparents, listens to their mothers and brothers and sisters. We don't have that strong, family unit in this country; therefore, we have people going left and right doing all sorts of crazy things, regardless of TV or books or magazines. Now they're blaming songs for things. I mean, there's no end. They just keep passing the buck to something else. It starts in the home with the parent, the child, and then blossoms out into the rest of our society. It's not because somebody watches something on TV that our country has so much violence.

To bring up Power Rangers, my son loves the Power Rangers. He's now six years old. I was called to go to his school and talk to the students because the teachers thought, "Oh, these Power Rangers are turning all these kids to violence," but I've seen the playground, and do you know what they're doing when they're play-kicking, punching and shooting? They're laughing their heads off. They're having fun. They are playing. Real violence is when they pick on the new girl because she's a different color or she doesn't have money. That's real violence. That's really what they should be focusing on, not the kids playing. In reality, it's better to expose kids to the negative dark sides of society, because otherwise, they're going to grow up, walk out there, get robbed, mugged, get their car broken into and they're gonna go, "Dad, what happened? What is all of this? I never heard of any of this bad stuff." So, I'm an activist when it comes to...not standing up for action films, but standing up for the fact that that's not the root of violence in America. Being in the inner cities and living in L.A., there's another boogie man out there to go after than network television.

Don agreed to do a phrase-associated thing regarding some of his co-stars.

"Watch the women," he warned.

HITCH: Steve Garvey.

Wilson: I am not a sports fan; I watched football and basketball only when I played it. I was not familiar with Steve Garvey except that I had heard the name. I knew he was one of the best players. He was a really nice guy. Great guy to work with. You know, he doesn't need to be acting out of financial reasons. You've gotta do something with the rest of your life after you retire; he wants to be an actor.

HITCH: Stephen Furst — Flounder from *Animal House* — you starred with him in *Magic Kid*.

Wilson: Oh! Stephen Furst.

HITCH: You know, big guy.

Wilson: Yeah, real funny guy. That's the thing that stands out the most. Friendly and naturally funny.

HITCH: Meg Foster.

Wilson: Very giving and forgiving. The reason is that that was my third film — *Futurekick* — and I was a very inexperienced actor, and she taught me some things that she probably had no idea she was teaching me. But just working with an

experienced actress, watching how she worked, taught me a lot.

HITCH: What do you think of her eyes?

Wilson: Distracting. You know what you find yourself doing? You get in dialogue, right? And she's looking at you, talking, and they are so blue they look artificial. They almost glow. The color comes out. They're like pale, pale blue and the light hits it and reflects out. You can't help it but you're talking to her but you're thinking, "God, they're bluer today. Man, is that a shine from the sun? What is that?" You find yourself distracted by that.

HITCH: Richard Roundtree. *Shaft* himself.

Wilson: I want to pick the right word that has to do with professionalism as an actor. I think he is a really — at least for that film; some actors sleepwalk through films they don't care about — but that particular film that I did with him, *Bloodfist III: Forced to Fight*, he liked the script. He believed in the script, he liked the story, and because of that, he really dedicated himself to his performance, and so he was the consummate professional on that set.

HITCH: Christopher Penn.

Wilson: Well, he's my best friend. He's my son's godfather, so I can't tell you the truth about him. He's a wild man, though, on and off the screen.

HITCH: Van Damme.

Wilson: Um...bad karma. You know, he misrepresented himself. He never worked as a kickboxer and of course, you know people would say "I did off-Broadway" to get a job. But once you get the job, once you get successful, you should drop all your pretenses because you don't need them. But he still perpetuates a falsehood of some guy who said he won a gold medal but knew he never competed. If you were a gold medal winner, you wouldn't like it, and the other martial arts, they're kinda like, "It's a good thing he did crossover." The martial arts community is starting to get wise to that.

HITCH: So if you were to fight with him, who would win?

Wilson: Well, this is my most-offered quote: "It would be like Tyson fighting Stallone." I'll let you figure out which is which.

HITCH: How about some of those female co-stars? Cat Sassoon.

Wilson: Cat Sassoon. She knocked my tooth out in a scene....Um...well, we've done our two films together, let's put it that

way. No, I like her, but she has the luxury of not having to work for any reason other than it's a hobby. She comes from a very wealthy family. She wants to be an actress, but she doesn't need to be an actress to have a driving, either artistic desire or financial desire, because either one will give a person a right attitude on the set. You have aspirations of someday doing dramatic art films, then you better really push yourself as an actress. That's one reason you gotta get a great performance out of somebody. The other is, they just need the bucks and they're gonna bust their ass and do the best job they can and study and be prepared, but when you have someone in the situation, it's neither as the major motivating factor, I don't think you're going to get the performance you're looking for.

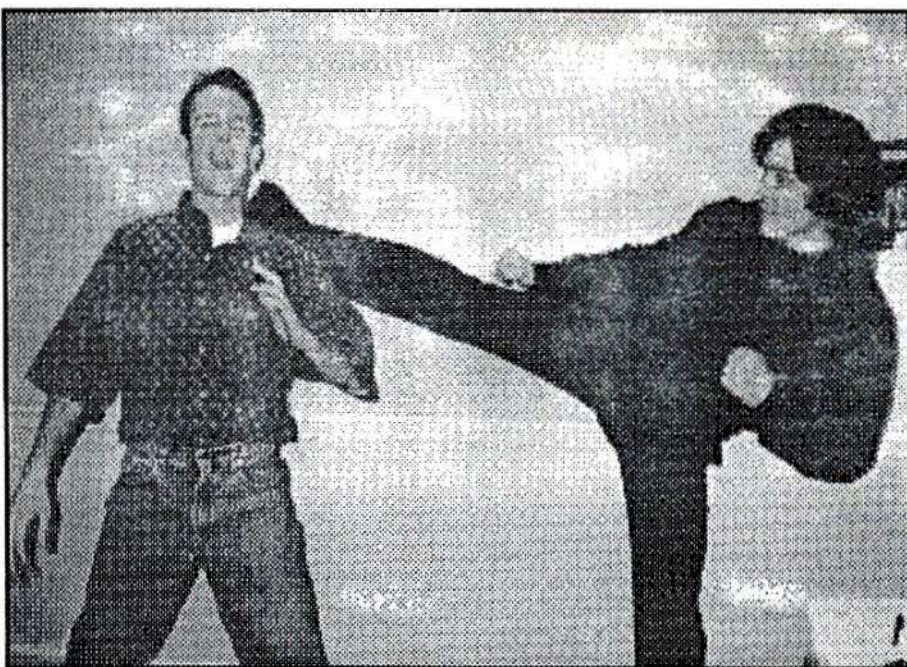
HITCH: Maria Ford.

Wilson: Oh, Maria? Great girl. I could tell you a good Maria Ford story, but you've gotta turn the recorder off.

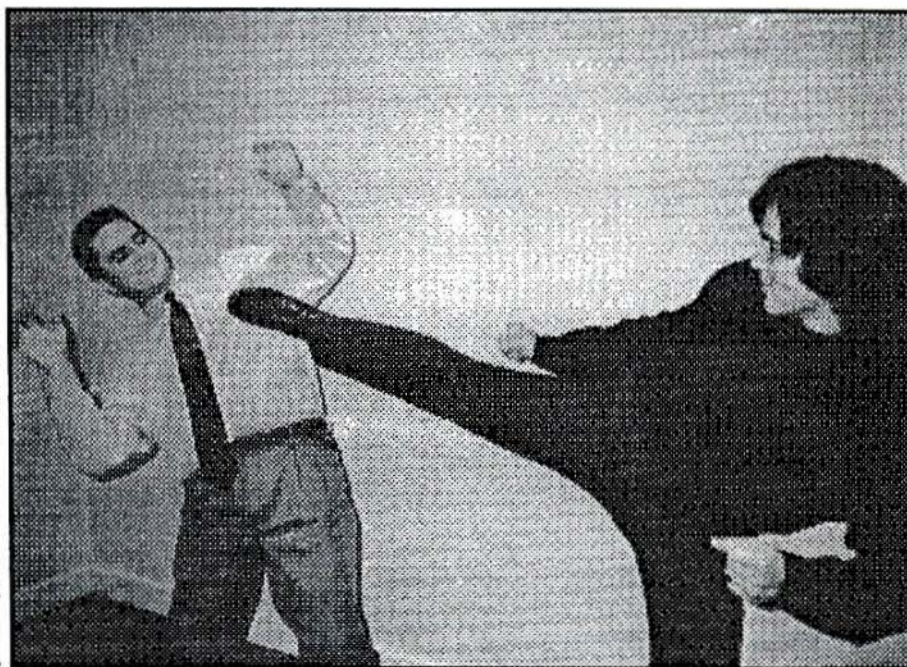
Wanting to hear said story, I obliged.

HITCH: What do you have coming up besides *Night Hunter*?

Wilson: The next film I'm going to do is *Cyber Tracker 2*. It's a sequel to a film I did a year ago called *Cyber Tracker*. The ones that are finished, I've got a movie coming out called *Manhunt*, which is very different. I'm trying these crossover films, but I don't want to lose my martial arts audience, for a bigger audience that's not just karate fans. And this is kinda of a



The Dragon goes bonkers midway through the interview, kicking the crap out of **HITCH** scribes Steve Hunt (above) and Rod Lott (below).



thriller; it's like a cop actioner and I'm an innocent guy who gets sucked into this crime gang. It's three cops and then like six guys who steal these cars, and they're an auto-theft gang. And I end caught up in it and end up killing one of the cops, so now I'm a cop killer. So now everybody's after me. It's a manhunt. That'll be coming out sometime next year.

HITCH: What about the vampire movie?

Wilson: Well, we haven't shot it yet. To get the name actors, there's like three things you gotta have. The first is cash. If the actor's not interested in the script, you have to have the cash. But if the script comes out good, and we've got a really good director, Rick Jacobson. He's the guy who directed *Ground Zero*. He's what I'd call my director of choice. Eventually, you're going to be doing interviews with

this guy, because of the 100 or so directors who have come through Concorde since the '80s, this guy is probably the best. Now, guys who have come through Roger Corman before, Martin Scorsese, Francis Ford Coppola, Jonathan Demme, Joe Dante, James Cameron, Ron Howard — those are the kind of directors that Corman can spot. This guy is in that class.

This *Ground Zero*, first of all, Roger Corman is known for being frugal at best, and normally, when you do a film in a closed environment — the room we're in right now is bigger than anything we've worked in — you have movable walls where you can move them around so you can move the camera around. But in Corman's films, what you see is what you get. We're in the room, and that's the size of the room and the walls don't go anywhere. What he had to do is figure out ways to move the camera and lay the dolly tracks and things to cover everything which any normal, A-film director wouldn't have to deal with because they have the money to do whatever it takes. In *Ground Zero*, you'll see some really smooth camera work. The director's job is not just to get coverage. It might take half a day just to film three people sitting from all these different angles. Or you can get a guy like Rick Jacobson who comes in with a Steadicam, the guy's moving and he gets in all in one shot, one take. The camera will move at the right time and get the right moment if the director's already thought it out, if he's storyboarded it or got a shot list, he comes prepared. Literally, with Rick Jacobson, we did this seen in another movie that should have taken us at least six hours to shoot, and he did it all in one take. We had to, because the street was getting open, which means morning was coming and everyone was going to come through. Now that's amazing, and that's all the director. I hate to pass the buck. I'm lucky my films have made money and that I've got a successful career, but the boss on the movie set is the director. He's the captain of the ship, everybody else is just a crew member and I'm just a crew member in front of the camera.

After talking a little bit to a fan about "Jean-Fraud Van Damme," Don casually mentioned to me to watch for "the rabbit scene" in *Bloodfist VI* because he wrote the scene himself, so I asked him he took it upon himself to do that.

Wilson: After I read the script, basically

I was upset because my character had no back story. You didn't know enough about him to care about him or even know that he was a nice guy, because basically, what I do is I get into this nuclear missile silo and take out these terrorists. The producers were not interested in spending any time in the back story so I just wrote in one scene where I'm driving along, I see a rabbit hurt on the side of the road, I stop, I get out and I fix the rabbit's foot. And that's all you need to see to know a little bit about this guy, to know that yeah, he's the good guy and you should be behind him.

HITCH: Do you want to get more involved behind-the-scenes?

Wilson: Well, yeah. Actually, I co-produced all my films since my third film. I'd like to just produce. I think I would prefer if I could just produce, but right now, the ones I'm going to be granted to privilege of producing are the ones I'm starring in. But eventually I think my career might just shift to having my own production company and being involved in the writing. It's enjoyable just to have an idea, get a screenwriter and a director and make a movie and see it on HBO. Several of the films I've done were based on my ideas, and we brought them to the film. That's where I see myself eventually going, when I get too old. I'm 40.

At one point, Don went into an advertising-voice mode and spontaneously began making up a future trailer for one of his films: "Don 'the Dragon' Wilson, *Bloodfist XXX*. He's old, he's in a wheelchair, but he can still kick butt!"

"Don't tell that to Roger," Lisa pleaded. "He'd probably want to make it!"

HITCH: What's the best Corman story you have?

Wilson: Actually, the best one I have is when I first met the guy. I'd never heard of him. The way they found me, he told his casting director to get a "real" kickboxing champion to star in this movie, so his casting director went to the library and got a listing of current champions, including, "Don Wilson, Beverly Hills, California," which is where I lived before my divorce. They looked in the phone book and I was listed. You know, L.A. is the only town where nobody lists their phone numbers, and I had because I had just gotten there. And they called me. The message on my machine was, "If you're the Don Wilson who's the kickboxer, we want you to come

in and read for a movie."

I thought, okay, so I go in and the casting director looks at me and says, "Oh...uh...we didn't know you were Asian; this is for a Caucasian role. Maybe you can be the bad guy." So I went in and I read and he said, "Roger wants to meet you," so I go into his office and he's on this couch and he says, "Don, please read for me," so I did the scene again and he looks at me and says, "Don, you're going to be a big star. You're going to do martial arts movies, you're going to do action films, eventually you're going to be a dramatic star and a big motion picture star." And I'm looking at this guy and I'm thinking, "What does he want me to do? Invest in the movie? Do it for free? This is the biggest scam I've ever heard in my life." He said, "I need to rewrite the screenplay so it can fit an Asian actor, and then we'll be calling you back." So I figured I'd never hear from this guy again.

I go back to where I live and I talk to this old, experienced actor named Barry Newman. And he said, "Who'd you read for?" When I said Roger Corman, he said, "Roger Corman? He's the best guy in Hollywood. You couldn't meet a more honest producer," and then he went on to tell me he'd discovered Martin Scorsese, Jack Nicholson, Robert DeNiro, all these guys. I've been on salary to Roger since 1988. Roger Corman is a *legendary* filmmaker. He's the last studio mogul, literally. He took a kickboxer and turned me into a star. He sent me to acting classes; they don't do that anymore. They used to say, "I'm going to make you a star" and just write everything so that it would fit you.

HITCH: What's your least favorite film?

Wilson: *Black Belt*. The poster's okay; it's the film I don't like.

HITCH: What's wrong with it?

Wilson: It was my story originally and I had my name taken off of it because when the director wrote the screenplay, he wrote in a child molestation theme. There's the mother and the son and she goes, "Oh, you're going to be my little husband," and I said, "Wait a minute! Don't put incest in my movie!" Number one, it's a serious topic. If you're gonna do that, do it responsibly, like Jodie Foster did in *The Accused*. Make it a social issue to present it right; don't use it for shock value. I've got little kids who are going to watch this movie, they're gonna plug it in and say, "Dad, why is the mother calling her son the husband?"

"Well, son, er, uh..." And it's too bloody. Everytime a guy gets punched and killed, they puke blood. A guy gets hit in the head and he, like, pukes blood. I said, "This is not *Dawn of the Dead*." I mean, in certain kinds of movies, blood is okay, like if you're doing *Friday the 13th* or whatever, but for martial arts action, you don't see blood gushing out of people's mouths. This one has...I think just about everybody who dies vomits blood. So that's my least

favorite.

And with that, it was time for the buffet dinner. Though Roger himself was not there, his spirit was undoubtedly present, given the menu: tiny chicken wings and potato skins.

After the eats, the whole gang was treated to a showing of the immortal *Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero*, which began with a whole lot of rabbits, a shampoo

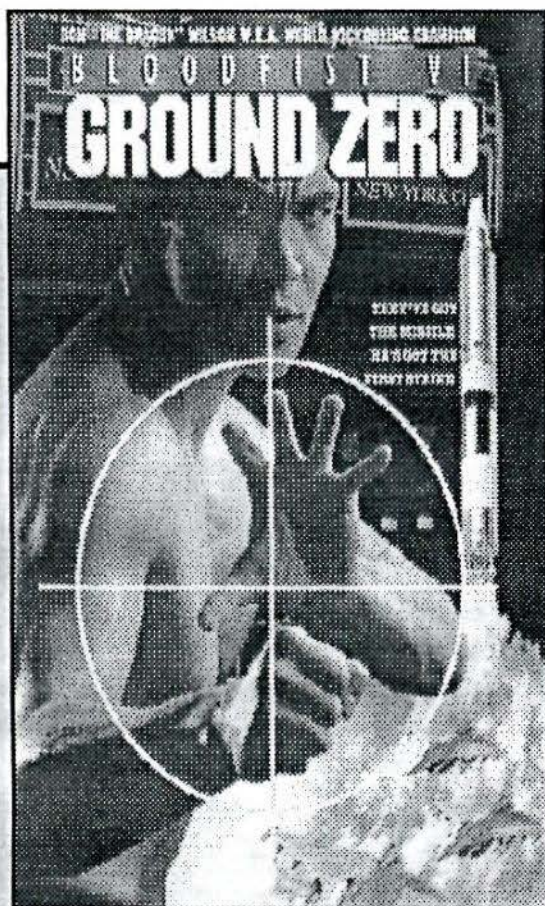
magnate's naked daughter, Steve Garvey and a whole lotta kickin' goin' on.

"My favorite film of Don's is *Bloodfist II*, because it has the most martial arts in it, the most variety, and I just kinda like that type of *Bloodsport*-type movie," admitted dedicated fan Craig Wilkerson. "To tell you the truth, I just like cheesy B karate flicks, so I watch 'em all, and I like him."

Nobody could have said it better.

Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero

THE
REVIEW



Kickboxing is not my idea of a bag of fun, but thankfully, *Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero*, branches out beyond the realm of your basic, no-budget, flyin' foot-fest in hopes of becoming a legitimate action film. While it's still a B-movie, it surprisingly succeeds, having kept me entertained from start to finish.

Don "The Dragon" Wilson — his name as prominent in the opening credits as

the line underneath reading "WKA World Kickboxing Champion" — stars as Sgt. Corrigan, a former Special Forces wonder boy currently assigned routine courier jobs after having defied orders in order to save many lives. His latest delivery is a top-secret package for only the eyes of Major Tillman (Steve Garvey), who is stationed at a remote missile silo.

As the film opens, a band of terrorists has foiled the security system with the aid of jackrabbits and takes over the base by taking everyone out, with the lone exception of Garvey, who is greeted with a few punches to the stomach by a pair of brass knuckles. Led by a blonde, European, Alan Rickman-wannabe, the baddies — including the black crack computer genius and a China man who loves to scream — want control of the launch keys so they can unleash a slew of nuclear weapons upon major U.S. cities. Trouble is, Garvey has the other key, which he's hidden underneath the desk with a wad of chewing gum. To get him to give up the key, the men take his gravity-defying girlfriend (Cat Sassoon, daughter of Vidal) hostage.

After a quick, little plot twist — and let's be honest; it's nowhere near the level of surprise as, say, *The Crying Game* — it looks like Garvey's minutes, as well as the rest of the nation's, are numbered.

Luckily, Wilson catches on quick and jumps into action as

the military dynamo we know he could be.

I know what you're thinking: "Bunnies? Bubble gum? Cat Sassoon? What the hell's going on here?" The answer: a Roger Corman rarity...an action movie that delivers. That is not to say *Bloodfist VI* is cleverly scripted and original; it's a by-the-numbers deal, but damned if it isn't a lot of fun.

Wilson seems a natural at this type of stuff. While he's not allowed much of a sense of humor, he wears the hero banner fittingly. He looks like he's having a good time, and he's certainly a much better actor than the mono-emotion Steven Seagal. In fact, while *Bloodfist VI* appears to have copied much of its story and situations from *Under Siege* — Seagal's biggest hit — given my choice, I'd much rather watch *Bloodfist VI* again. Unlike *Under Siege*, it never puts on this air of being something high, noble and mighty. It even is a bit self-deprecating; the most interesting supporting character is the cigar-chewing, chauvanist, Jersey-accented curmedgeon of a United States general, who barks sentences like, "Don't tell me some hippie Greenpeace faggots are going to come in here and infiltrate trillion-dollar hardware!"

While the villains are a truly ethnically diverse lot, they all share one thing in common: They have bad aim. Wilson is continually being fired upon by men with machine guns, all while he wields a mere single-shot weapon or two. Even though he's out in the open for quite some time, the only damage they can do is an unspectacular nick on his forearm.

Sassoon can't act worth a damn, coming off like the spoiled rich girl she really is. Her biggest scene comes when she gives Garvey a big lick on the cheek; he grimaces in response like a second-grader would. I suspect Garvey took the role just to have a scene opposite the bare Sassoon. "At ease, soldier," she coos after their unconvincing embrace.

Rick Jacobson's direction is more than competent. While the Corman School of Directorial Greats era may have ended with James Cameron's *Piranha II: The Spawning*, Jacobson does manage to keep things moving at a fast, energetic pace, never allowing the viewer time to slow down to fill in the gaping plot holes.

Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero, like all five of its predecessors, I'm sure, is not without its faults. However, as a crossover vehicle for Corman's in-house action franchise, it serves its share of thrills well, like all guilty pleasures do.

For the Love of *Batman*

By Rod Lott

I was but a mere lad — first or second grade; I can't remember exactly which — when the family sheepdog Chivas was on his last legs. My mom and dad had bought Chivas as a puppy right after they got married in the late '60s. That huge dog, being older than myself even without figuring in the dog-years factor, was for all purposes a full-fledged member of the Lott family.

So it was a real tragedy for my parents when it was evident that the poor dog was about to die. I will never forget that weekday afternoon when my mom came in to the living room where my brother Brad and I sat watching television and she said, "Boys, if you want to say good-bye to Chivas, you should do it now because he's about ready to go."

Brad got up and went outside. I stayed put, however, because, as I told her, Batman was battling Mr. Freeze.

Yessiree, my loyalties lie with Adam West and the cowl that made him famous. It was during that time in my life that a local station began to show afternoon reruns of the famous ABC series *Batman*. I had never seen it before, but I was a regular reader of his work (comic books). From the very first show, I was hooked. *Batman* came before homework, snacks, playtime and, yes, even ailing household pets. Today, I'd probably even place it before sex.

My Batmania reached a peak later that year when my mom made Brad and me Halloween costumes that immediately turned as into the caped crusader and his boy wonder. Of course, I — being older and, at the time, much *much* stronger — was Batman, thereby forcing my brother to accept the sidekick role as Robin.

Adam West, apparently trying not to let the public forget him, recently penned his autobiography, *Back to the Batcave* (Berkley Books, \$12). Reading it brought back many childhood Bat-memories, but not much else. Written with hack-for-hire Jeff Rovin, the TV kitsch icon's tome falls short of the high entertainment value of this genre's Bible, Barry Williams' *Growing Up Brady: I Was a Teenage Greg*.

Back to the Batcave is still a must for fans of the show, though, if only for the episode log that ends the book. For others, it will just be an exercise in West mouthing off about what a great, wonderful actor he is and why the rest of the world fails to see it.

I'll admit he was indeed great in *Batman*, but only because the whole thing was not at all serious. West, however, views himself as a master thespian of the highest order. Is *he* the one that just isn't getting it? What is he thinking when

folks like Ben Stiller and Comedy Central offer him cameos? That they're aiming for the skilled realism that only a Shakespearean-trained artiste can bring?

You won't learn much about West except for his early days hosting a Hawaiian TV show with a chimp named Peaches and the fact that he finds it *really* hard to be faithful to one woman. Among those who have caused "curious stirrings within my utility belt" include — but by no means are limited to — Julie Newmar, Jill St. John and Natalie Wood. He pines on about how much he wanted to sleep with them all.

The best line in the book comes years after West's one date with the gorgeous Wood. When he sees her again at a party, he asks how things are going with then-flame Raymond Burr. When she tells him "things have cooled," he responds while shivering, "Burrrrrrr."

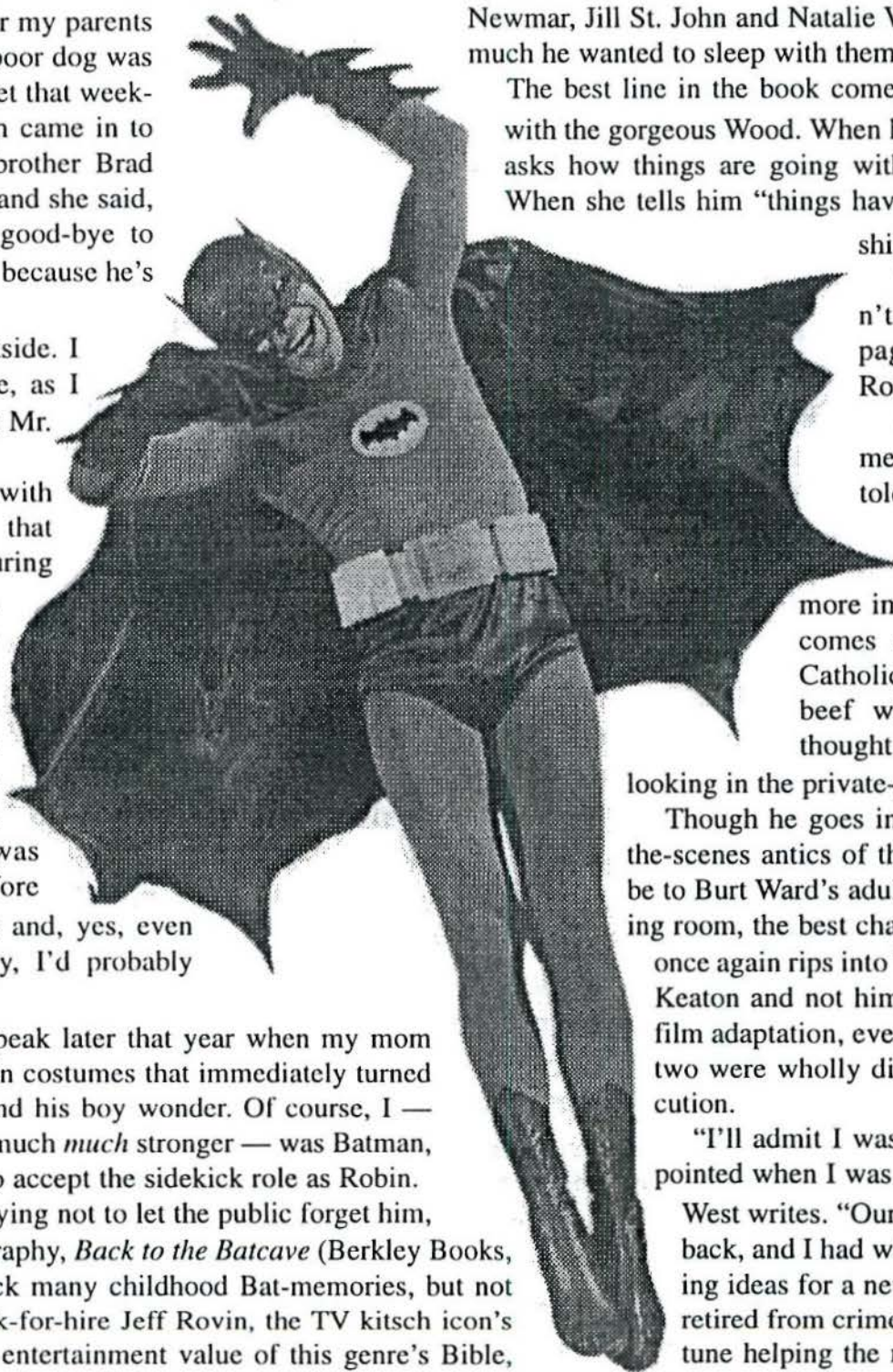
Unfortunately, that wit doesn't permeate the rest of the pages, but I suspect that's Rovin's fault.

Other highlights include a meeting with Pope Paul, who told him, "The costume you wear is very striking. But your automobile is, however, more impressive than my own." This comes after West tells us that the Catholic Legion of Decency had a beef with the show because they thought Batman was a bit too mighty-looking in the private-parts area.

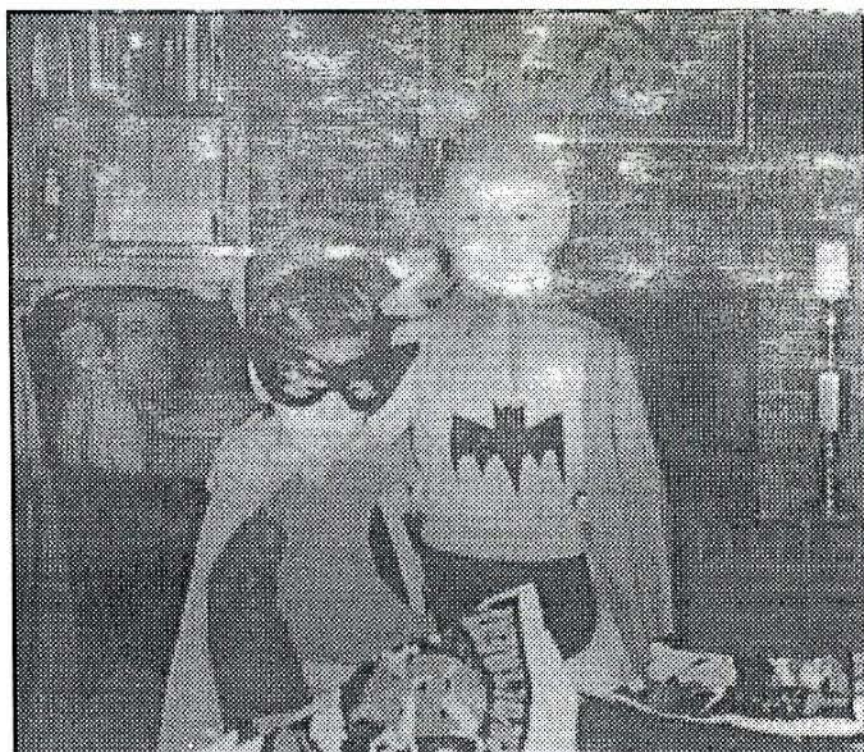
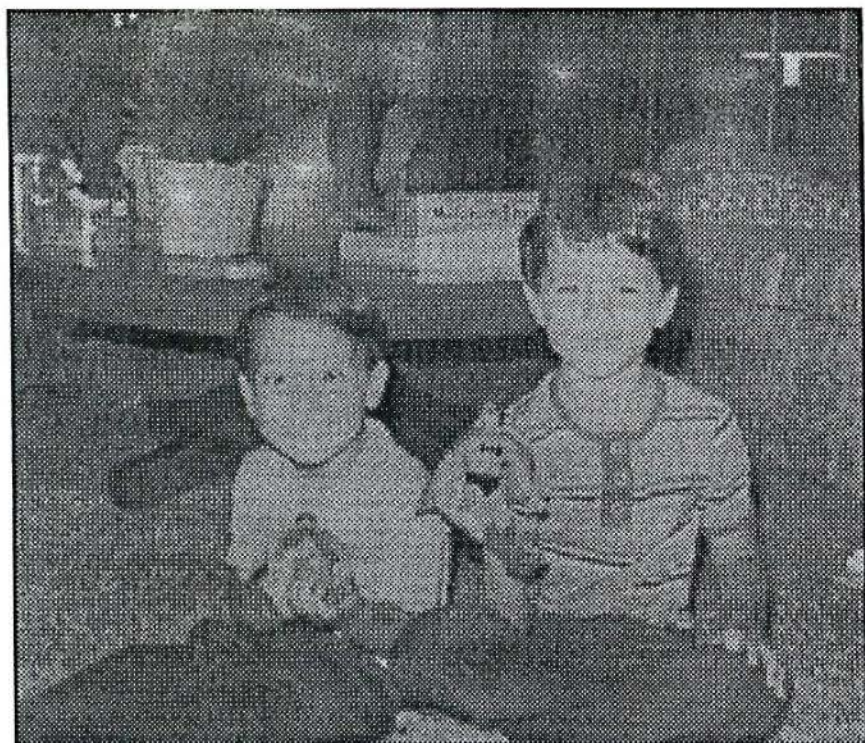
Though he goes into much detail about behind-the-scenes antics of the show, from how it came to be to Burt Ward's adulterous goings-on in the dressing room, the best chapter is the last, in which West once again rips into Tim Burton for hiring Michael Keaton and not himself for the 1989 blockbuster film adaptation, even though he acknowledges the two were wholly different in tone, style and execution.

"I'll admit I was angry and profoundly disappointed when I was not asked to reprise the role,"

West writes. "Our Batfans expected me to come back, and I had what I thought were some exciting ideas for a new one," including being semi-retired from crimefighting and spending his fortune helping the needy, which should spell out just one of the many reasons he wasn't asked. Another would have to be that West wanted Bruce Wayne to find the Penguin old and homeless and nurse him back to health, but the ultimate has to be because West said his Batman at age 50 or so would be in tip-top shape from working out more, which is exactly what West is not. Let's face it; the man's carrying around some serious middle-aged paunch.



West also states that he was not asked to appear in the film in a cameo as Bruce Wayne's father, but had he been asked, he said he would have turned it down. Don't bet on it; this is from the man who proudly admits to starring in *Zombie Nightmare* and Fox's short-lived series *Danger Theater*.

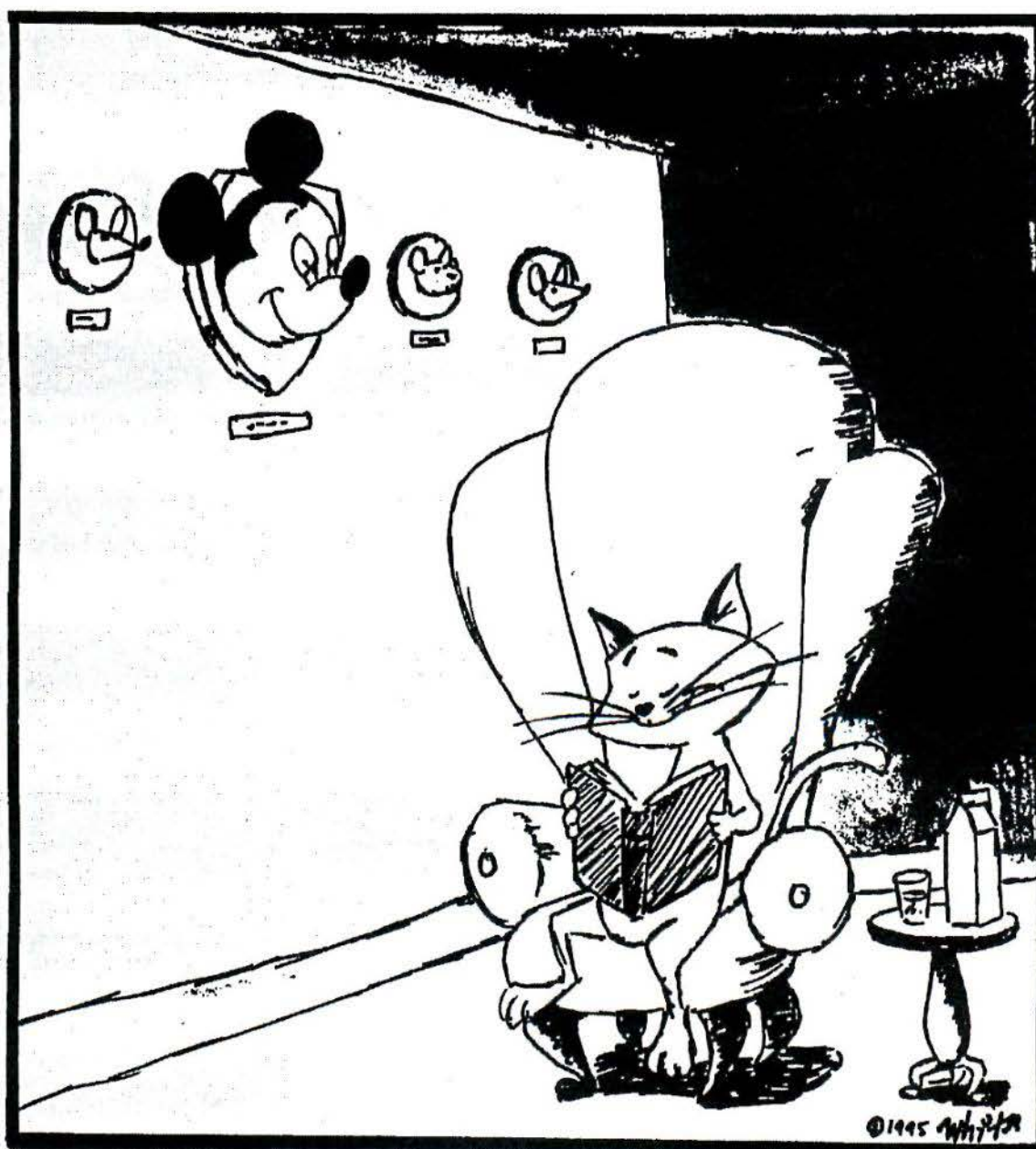


(above)

I'm Batman. And we're ready to solve crimes.

(above left)

At play with our Batman dolls. And to think that my Mom almost didn't buy it for me.



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Jean-Claude: A Damme Fine Actor

By Rod Lott

Just what *is* it about Jean-Claude Van Damme that makes moviegoers drool and tremble with excitement? (Hint: It ain't the hyphen!)

Why, his versatility, of course! After bit parts in *Black Eagle*, *No Retreat, No Surrender* and *Predator*, his first starring role was in *Bloodsport* (1988), in which he played a man who could kick hard.

Jean-Claude showed his range early on, when in his next film, *Cyborg* (1989), he chose not to play a man who could kick hard, but a *half-man*, half-robot who could kick hard.

In 1989's *Kickboxer*, he again returned to the role that made him famous, as a man who could kick hard, whereas in 1990's *Lionheart*, he was not a kickboxer *per se*, but boy, could he kick hard!

Some mighty hard kickin' lie in the heart of *Death Warrant* (1990), but Jean-Claude gave us twice the hot kickin' action as he played — get this — *twins* in 1991's *Double Impact*!

Jean-Claude admittedly rested on his laurels to play that hard-kickin' man-robot thing again in *Universal Soldier* (1992), but surprised audiences a few months later with his next challenging film, *Nowhere to Run* (1993). It was in this film that Jean-Claude played a man who could kick hard.

Most recently, Jean-Claude dazzled American audiences when he accepted the starring role in *Hard Target* (1993), in which he played a man named Chance who could kick hard, and in last year's *Timecop*, where he kicked hard, but also shot things.

Bravo, Jean-Claude!

Yet the kudos don't end there! As producer Ashok Armitraj once said, "The wonderful thing about Jean-Claude is that he's appealing to both men and women. To the male audience, because of the action, adventure and martial arts; and to the female audience, because so many women find him very sexy and charismatic."

Thanks to you, Jean-Claude, broken English and monosyllabic speech are now considered turn-ons by at least half our

nation's population. We salute you. *Keep on kickin'!*

Oh, and we certainly musn't neglect your little-known role as "The Homosexual" in the 1983 French quickie *Monaco Forever*. I especially liked the part where

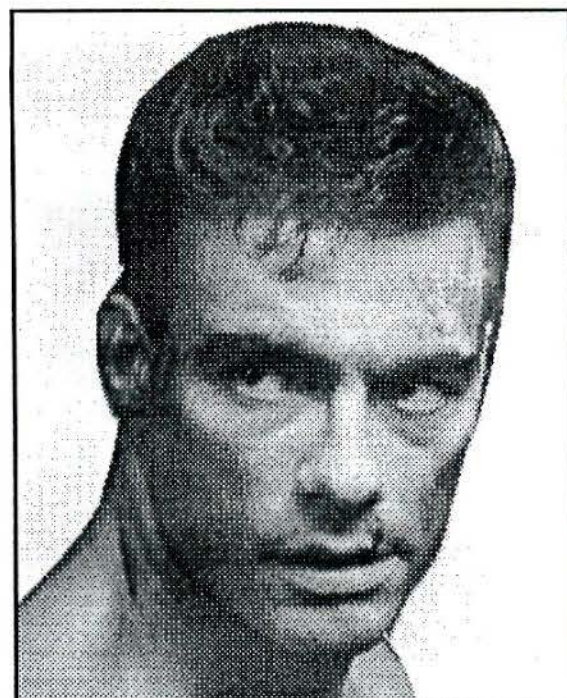
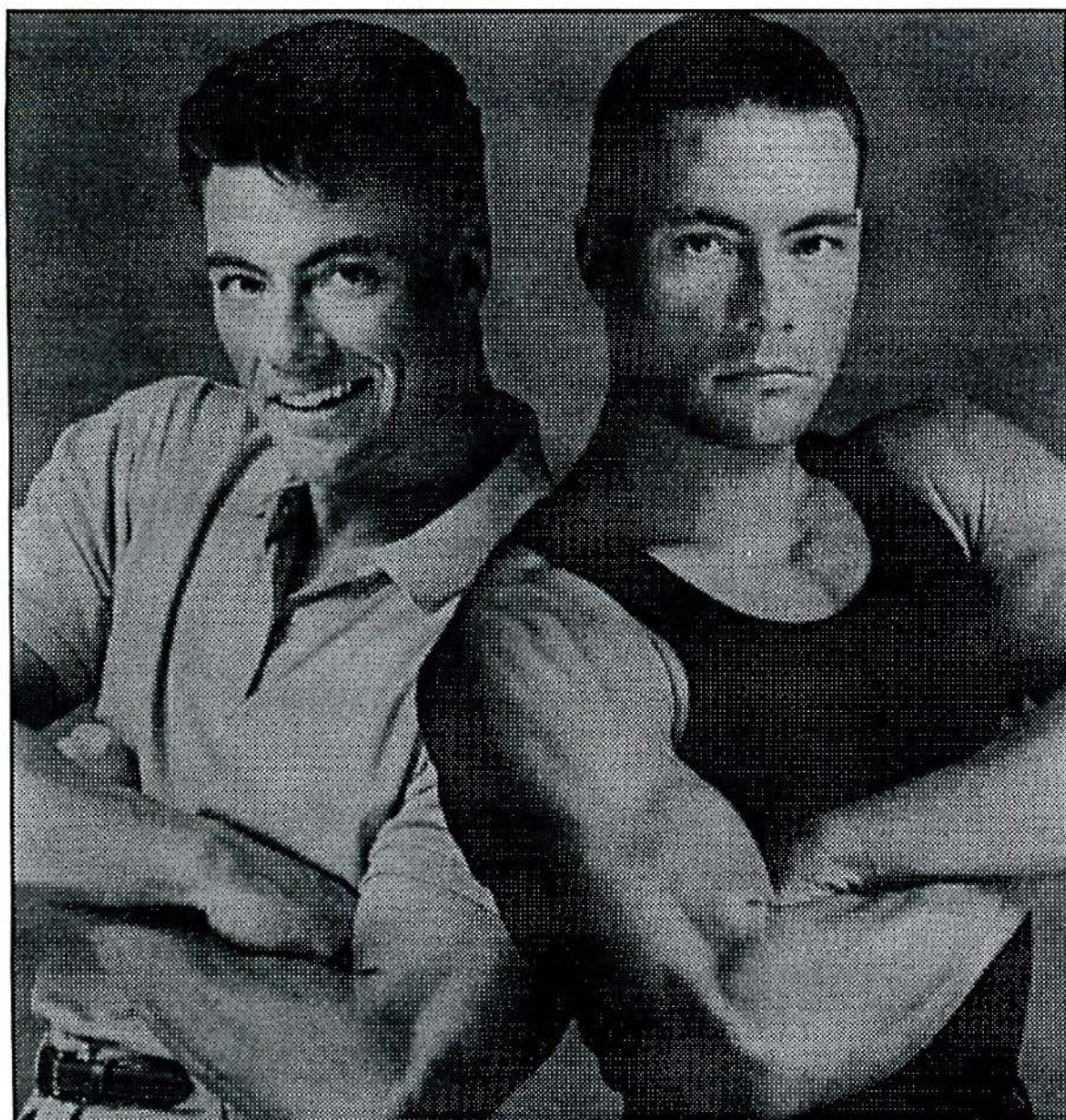
you told that guy in the car, "You have a good body...You have strong legs." Now I understand why your *Double Impact* and *Lionheart* director Sheldon Lettich referred to you as both "light" and "charming."



Don't hate him because he's beautiful.



Jean-Claude spars with Paulo Tocha over dryer rights, in one of the more intense moments from *Death Warrant*.



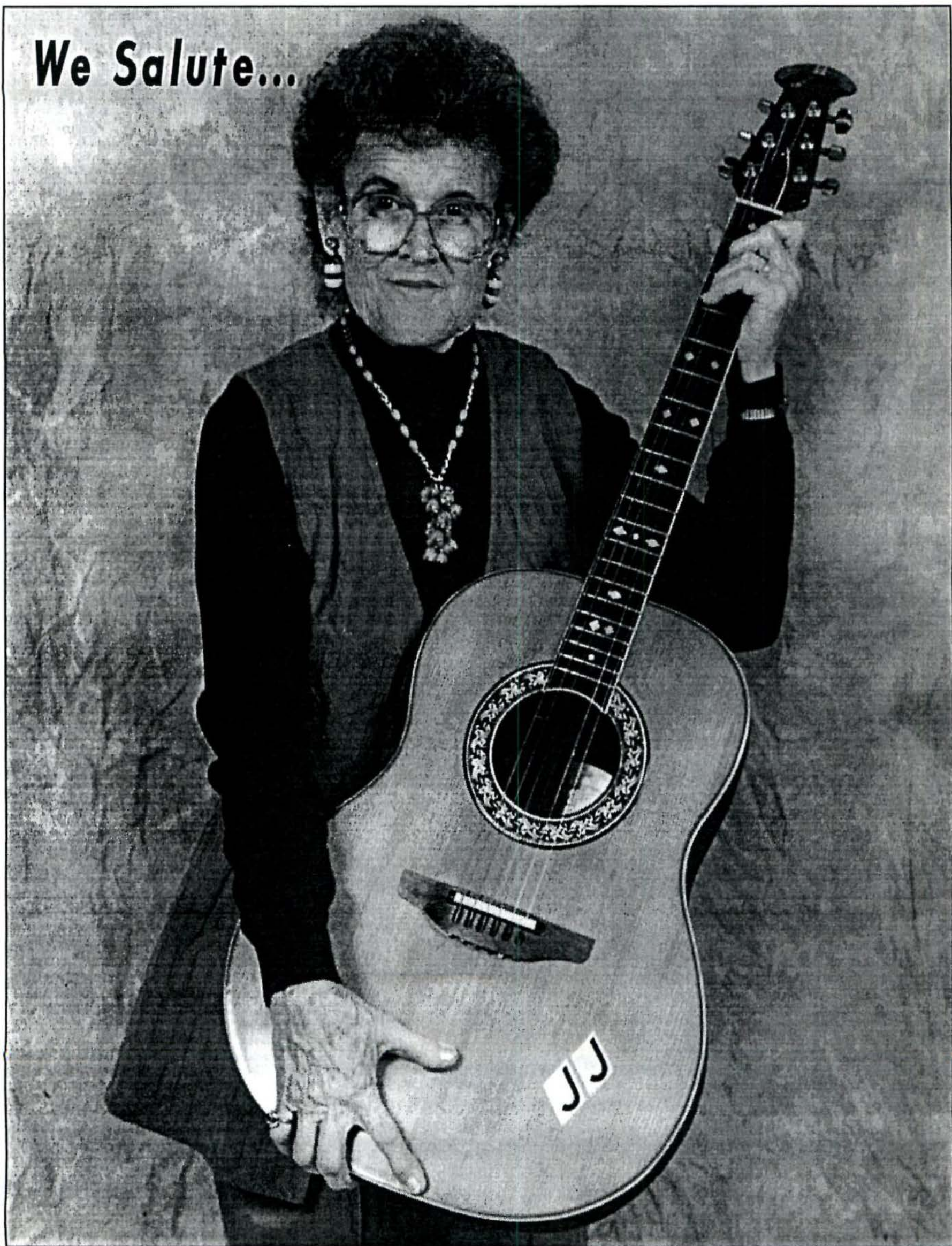
(above) Ready to do some Van Dammage.

(left) Jean-Claude demonstrates his ability to play a wide range of complex characters; here, in *Double Impact*, preppy (left) and oh-so-hunky (right).

(below) Jean-Claude is confronted by Benson.



We Salute...



The CD Thermometer



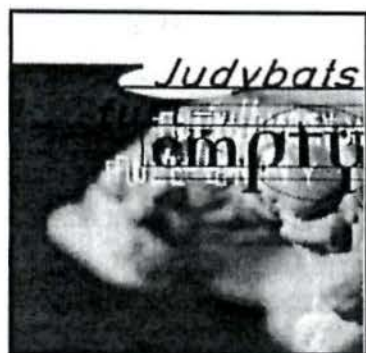
98°

Black 47
Home of the Brave • SBK/ Emi
More angry Irish barroom rants and raves from a criminally underrated band.



94°

They Might Be Giants
Back to Skull • Elektra
An EP with the "Snail Shell" single off *John Henry*, plus four new infectious tunes.



86°

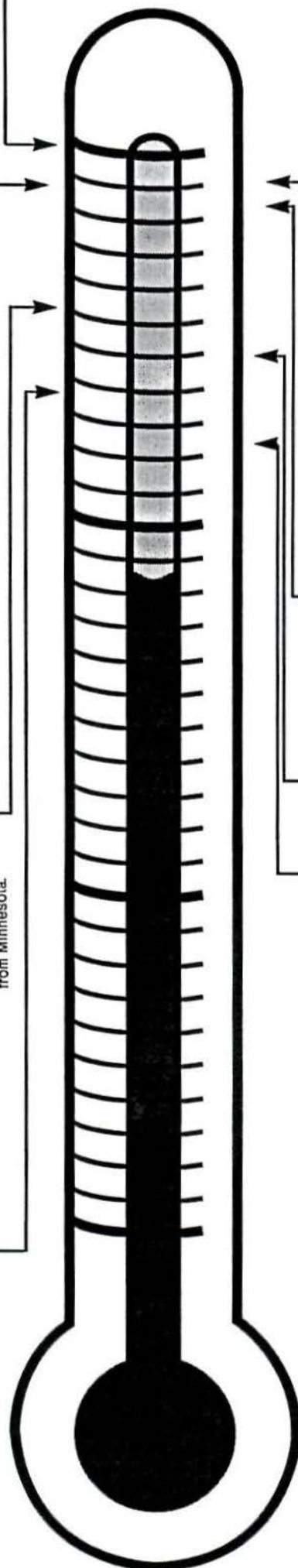
Judybats
Full-Empty • Sire
Their fourth outing is nothing new, but witty and melodic nonetheless.



80°

The Beautiful South
Miaow • Go! Discs
A new female singer does wonders with a cover of Nilsson's "Everybody's Talkin'."

He served four terms
as a U.S. Senator
from Minnesota.



94°

Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Barcelona • Milan
A great score by Mark Suozzo had much to do with the excellent film's winning charm.



92°

Sting
Fields of Gold: The Best of Sting 1984-1994 • A&M
Greatest hits. What more do you need to know?



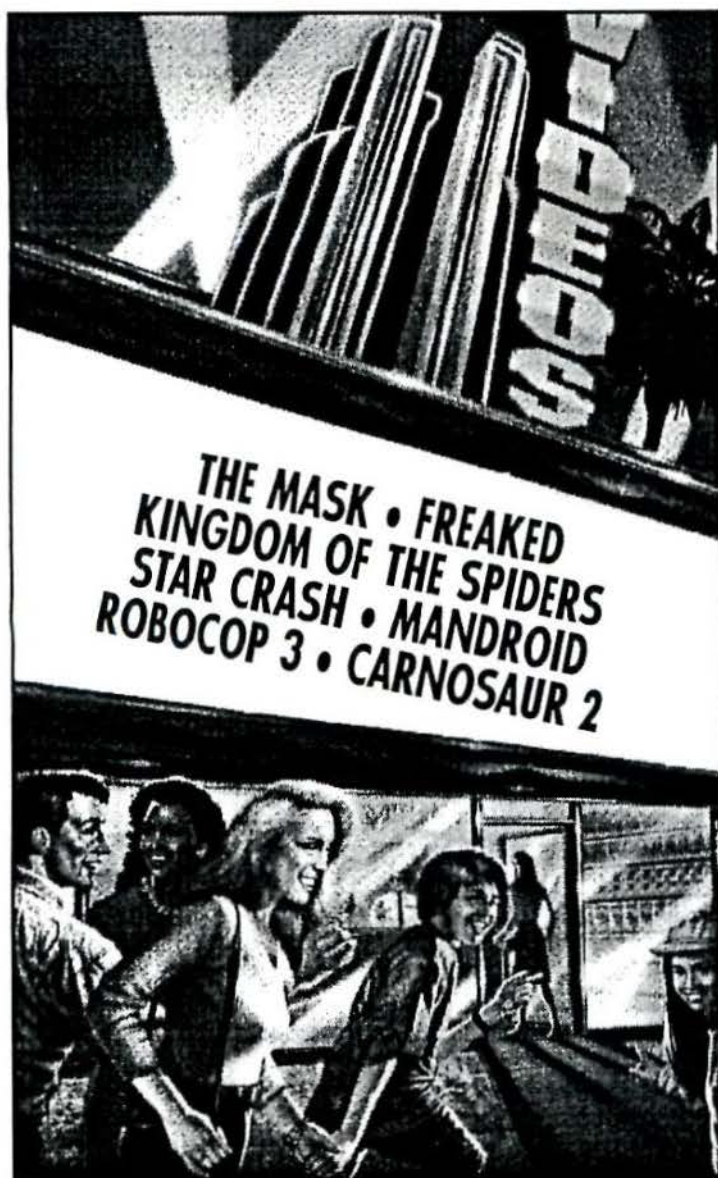
83°

The Cranberries
No Need to Argue • Island
An admirable sophomore effort, with "Zombie" and "Ode to My Family" standing out.



75°

Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Dumb and Dumber • RCA
A true mixed bag, but worth it just for the Crash Test Dummies' XTC cover.



**The Mask
(1961)**

Rhino Home Video

★★★★★

When I was back in grade school, one of Oklahoma City's then-three independent channels (and I don't remember which) used to show some pretty damn good genre movies. I remember pleading with my mom to take me down to the 7-11 (because I wasn't allowed to walk there) to fork over a dime or whatever for a pair of



3-D glasses when the station was preparing to show a few old movies in their original 3-D format.

The 3-D movies shown were *Gorilla at Large*, the kung-fu fest *Dynasty*, the *Black Lagoon* sequel *Revenge of the Creature* and an obscure little gem called *The Mask*. I taped them all on our mammoth, three-piece VCR (one of the first models ever to come off the assembly line). I have no idea where those tapes are now. They're

probably gone.

Which is why I was so excited to find *The Mask* on Rhino Home Video with its 3-D scenes intact! The plot concerns a psychiatrist who has a patient that is obsessed with an ancient mask he stole from the museum he works for. The patient claims the mask gives him nightmares. Eventually, the mask drives the kid to suicide, after he sends the mask to his shrink, who hears a mystic voice instruct, "Put the mask on now!" When that line is uttered, the viewer slips on the 3-D glasses and is treated to the psychiatrist's hallucinatory dreams — filled with images of skulls, fire and hooded figures — in all their three-dimensional glory. The doctor finds himself slowly surrendering to the mask's power and being driven toward murder.

Obviously, the 3-D sequences are the real highlight of this film. They take on a surreal quality, and without them, *The Mask* would be just another run-of-the-mill thriller. But it's not, thanks to this Rhino release. Much to my delight, the film is preceded by the 3-D demonstration with an ape that I remember being used before the televised movies, too.

The biggest strike against this tape is that it is "hosted" by Elvira, who shows up at the beginning to make her stupid, unfunny jokes and then again at the end to do the same. Afterwards, she also trashes the movie, saying that the 3-D stands for "dumb, dull and dorky." What the hell does she know?

**Rat Pfink a Boo Boo
(1966)**

Sinister Cinema

★★★★☆

Known notoriously as one of the most inept films ever made, Ray Dennis Steckler's genre-twisting thriller-cum-comedy may surprise you. It's great!

Rocker Ron Haydock (under the pseudonym Vin Saxon) stars as Lonnie Lord, who never goes anywhere without his guitar. His gal pal is C.B. (Steckler's ex-wife Carolyn Brandt). Together, they rock and twist everywhere. Lonnie delivers phone books by day; one of his dropoff points

houses three bored criminals who decide to randomly select someone to pick on via the directory. They pick C.B. and proceed to harass her by phone and then stalk her as she walks to the grocery store, in a long scene in which Steckler's camera focuses on Brandt's posterior.



When she's kidnapped halfway through the movie, the film does a 180° and becomes a *Batman* parody as Lonnie and trusty gardener Titus enter a closet, only to emerge shabbily costumed as Rat Pfink and Boo Boo, crime fighters. After an extended chase, an extended fight scene and another extended chase, the heroes also have to battle Kogar, a fugitive gorilla. The whole thing ends happily, with a parade the crew crashed in order to get footage, and then a beach romp to the tune "Big Boss Go-Go Party."

Believe it or not, the first half of *Rat Pfink* is more stylish and suspenseful than most of the so-called thrillers Hollywood produces today. The second half is funnier than all of them, too. Brandt, an unheralded B-movie babe, is perfect, as is Haydock, whose songs are actually good. (We dare you to try to get the "You're a Rat Pfink" song out of your head.) Full of absurdist humor and non-sequiturs, this is some sort of classic.

**Kingdom of the Spiders
(1977)**

Goodtimes Home Video

★★★★★

**The Giant Spider Invasion
(1975)**

★★★★☆

"Why would spiders suddenly turn aggressive toward livestock?" asks William Shatner in his finest hour (and a half), *Kingdom of the Spiders*.

As far as spider movies go, this is among the best, simply because it doesn't skimp on the spiders.

Shatner stars as the beer-drinking, womanizing veterinarian of a small Arizona town, in which big, hairy tarantulas are bringing down cows and dogs with their deadly venom. It's not before long

that they go for the townspeople. The result is a great riot scene in which everybody — and I mean *everybody* — runs through the town with spiders all over them. For the last half hour, Shatner ends up trapped in a lodge with the sexy scientist (former Playmate Tiffany Boling) and his little niece whose mom gets chewed up by the eight-legged creatures saving her little girl from a spider-infested swing.

A pilot picked to spray the land with chemicals ends up with a lap full of spiders in midair and screams like a girl. One



woman shoots at the spiders with a gun, and when she finds one on her hand, well, she shoots that, too. A particularly great shot finds a rat with a couple of the critters riding piggyback on him. The whole thing ends not happily, which is great.

With horrible country songs and a cheap, *Psycho*-type score (and, of course, *Shatner*), *Kingdom of the Spiders* is one to check out. It's better, but not quite as cheesy, as its predecessor, the lesser-known *The Giant Spider Invasion*, in which the spiders actually are aliens from outer space and grow to the size of vans.

Barbara Hale of *Perry Mason* fame is the only name in the cast, which is mostly comprised of rednecks and hicks, except for Alan Hale, Jr., who plays the sheriff and whose first line is, "Hey, little buddy!" One family has spiders crawling all over their kitchen, but they don't even seem to mind.

The spiders here, reportedly, are cars with legs on them, and it shows. The special effects are cheaper than cheap, and that's most of the fun.

***Beach Babes from Beyond* (1993)**

Paramount Home Video

★☆☆☆☆

Actually, I couldn't watch this movie, the first "adult" venture from Torchlight, Full Moon Entertainment's erotic comedy label. I tried, honest, but it was just horrible. It begins with Patrick Swayze's equally untalented brother Don in a spaceship with his girlfriend, the downright frightening Jackie Stallone, mom of Sly. They

bicker a bit and then segue into the credit sequence, the backdrop of which consists of the titular ingenues taking slo-mo showers. You can guess the nature of the plot. Also stars Joe Estevez (brother of Martin Sheen), Joey Travolta (brother of John) and Burt Ward. Holy wash-up!

A*P*E

(1976)

Goodtimes Home Video

★★★★☆

A quickie made probably to capitalize on the success of Dino DeLaurentiis' *King Kong* remake, *A*P*E*, from *Dinosaur*! producer Jack H. Harris, is better. For the main thing, it wastes no time getting to the fun; no sooner do the beginning credits end than our 36-foot titular hero (really a man in an ill-fitting baggy gorilla suit) destroys the ship he's being held captive on and wrestles a shark to death before heading to Korea to demolish a lot of balsa wood.

The combined efforts of the Korean and American armies try to stop them, but the ape just swats their helicopters into the sides of mountains and flips them off! This



was originally shown in 3-D, so a lot of rocks and flaming arrows are hurled toward the camera in a jerky, thrown-with-strings fashion. *Growing Pains* mom Joanna Kerns (here as Joanna De Verona) is the Yankee actress kidnapped by the beast. Lots of Koreans with broken Eng-lish also star.

The ape is repeatedly shot at until he vomits blood, prompting the foul-mouthed American colonel to exclaim, "Let's see him dance for his organ grinder now!" As the ape falls to his death, Joanna sobs "Why? Why?" in the arms of her boyfriend, who answers, "Maybe he was just too big for a small world like ours."

Although not really a spoof, it's so horribly made that it seems like one. The director audibly yells "Cut!" at the end of one scene.

***Dracula Rising* (1992)**

New Horizons Home Video

★★☆☆☆

Roger Corman produced this lame attempt to ride the coattails of *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, inexplicably casting *The Blue Lagoon*'s Christopher Atkins as cinema's favorite bloodsucker. Stacey Travis (*Hardware*) is an art restoration expert who is romanced by this blonde stranger with the blank stare who calls himself Vlad.

It seems that, in another life, she was his lover back when he was a monk, until she was burned at the stake for being a witch. A vibrant young couple were they — riding horses, having picnics, doing it doggie-style underwater.

Travis can act; Atkins absolutely without question cannot. He still looks to be about 12. He doesn't even *really* play Dracula, just a guy who bites people's throats. The whole thing is pretty boring and lifeless, saved (if that's what you could call it) by Travis. Director Fred Gallo tries to get all arty, complete with slo-mo shots of ceiling fans, but as we all know, that kind of stuff just doesn't fly in a Corman picture.

***Star Crash* (1979)**

Charter Entertainment

★★★★★

What *Carnosaur* was to *Jurassic Park* (a cheap, shameless rip-off), so is this Roger Corman production to *Star Wars*. Two space smugglers, Akton (former preacher Marjoe Gortner) and Stella Star (the gorgeous Caroline Munro) are called upon by the Emperor (Christopher Plummer) to find his lost son and destroy the planet of the evil Count Zarth Arn (Joe Spinell). Akton and Stella (he of the many curls and she of the improbably white teeth and the amazing...oh, never mind) are aided in their adventures by the robot Elle, who looks like he's sporting a welder's mask and has a hick accent.

Together, they fight a bald guy, some stop-motion robotic monsters and deadly troglodytes, and end up on a snow planet. The movie cements its own legend when, an hour into it, none other than David Hasselhoff (with a perm and eyeliner) shows up as the Emperor's son.

Star Crash is an ultra-cheesy movie spotlighting director Lewis Coates' unbelievably bargain-basement effects and affection for matte paintings. (To his credit, though, I could only see the strings three times.) This movie brought up an interesting question, however: When did the good



guys and bad guys get together to discuss whose guns would shoot red rays and whose would shoot blue ones?

From the look of things, Plummer thinks he's doing Shakespeare in the park, especially in his final speech. Gortner tries to be Mark Hamill, while Hasselhoff gets his *Baywatch* practice by rescuing people. It's the always captivating Munro, however, who makes this picture her own. Bonus points to her costumer for her...er, costumes. *Star Crash* is pretty slim on adventure, but heavy on the fun.

Nemesis (1993)

Imperial Entertainment

★★★★☆

Most movies you can turn on at any point and understand what's going on. Here's one, however, that makes no sense from the very start. I vote that it's that way because it's directed with that unmistakable, special, magic Albert Pyun touch. The director behind such non-hits as *Alien from L.A.*, *Cyborg*, *Dollman*, *Captain America*, *Arcade*, *Bloodmatch*, *Brain Smasher...A Love Story* and — most recently — *Hong Kong '97*, seems to specialize in singlehandedly being able to take the duller of subjects and making them duller.

This unexciting science fiction yarn (or

yawn) stars Oliver Gruner, one of direct-to-video's foremost kickboxing stars, as a *Terminator*-like fella who's...well, out to terminate some people. *Dollman* himself Tim Thomerson plays his tough guy act, while *Blade Runner*'s Brion James seems embarrassed, having gone from working with the likes of Ridley Scott and Robert Altman to the guy who directed Lee Horsley and Simon MacCorkindale (TV's *Manimal*) to great effect in *The Sword and the Sorcerer*.

If anything, *Nemesis* does clear up a few questions: 1) Can Albert Pyun direct tired retreads of oft-successful formulas? 2) Can I expect Gruner to become a household name, one to be whispered in the same breath as Schwarzenegger, Stallone and Seagal? 3) Regarding Deborah Shelton's breasts: Are those 100 percent real? The answers: No, no and *absolutely* not. The film gets one star just for answering that last inquiry.

The Cool Surface (1992)

Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video

★★★★☆

There once was an actor named Robert Patrick who was a no-namer starring in straight-to-video actioners like *Eye of the Eagle* and *Future Hunters*. Then a man named James Cameron picked him to play the bad guy in the megahit *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*. A big career in Hollywood was just over the horizon for Patrick. But then he immediately went back to making trash: *Fire in the Sky*, *Double Dragon*, *Zero Tolerance*, *Hong Kong '97*, etc.

And now this: a self-purported erotic thriller that is really neither erotic nor thrilling. Or much of a movie. Patrick is Jarvis, a struggling writer haunted by the death of his girlfriend until his sexy, feisty new neighbor (Teri Hatcher of TV's *Lois and Clark*) starts making the moves on him, which in real life, would not happen, given Patrick looks like he hasn't bathed.

They have much sex, which somehow allows Patrick to write again. He writes a play about his relationship with Hatcher and titles it "The Cool Surface," which means nothing in regard to his play or this movie. Hatcher gets the part when it becomes a play, and then again when it becomes a movie. This all makes Patrick *mad*. No reason is given — and the wolves appearing from now and then aren't explained either — and we don't really

care.

In fact, here's how it ends: Turns out he killed his girlfriend; therefore, he must kill Hatcher. He does. As the end credits begin to roll, he starts hitting on a stewardess who we can be certain will die at his hand, too.

Slow, dull and laughably acted, this film must be an embarrassment to Hatcher, who's now "made it." For Patrick, however, it's simply another nail in the career coffin.

Funniest line reading: A pumped Patrick yelling "Yes!" when his script hits big.

Second-funniest line reading: Upon seeing Hatcher nekkid, a tingling Patrick says, "My god, you're perfect!"

Biggest tip-off that Hatcher's acting: Patrick eats tuna and she still kisses him.

Freaked (1993)

Fox Video

★★★★★

I am surprised that *Freaked*, the directorial debut of Tom Stern and Alex Winter formerly called *Hideous Mutant Freakz*, has not achieved a cult following. It certainly has all the makings for one.

Winter, best known as the non-heart-throb half of the *Bill & Ted* movies, stars as Rick Coogan, an obnoxious Hollywood actor who is offered \$5 million by a greedy corporation to endorse toxic waste. Greedy himself, he agrees. He and his best friend end up at a freak show located in the middle of nowhere and run by bearded redneck Randy Quaid, who proceeds to turn them into freaks themselves, using the very toxic waste Rick endorses.

Rick is turned into something that looks like the *Gremlins*. Bobcat Goldthwait is a man with a sock puppet for a head. There's also a cowboy (literally), a toad man, a human worm and an uncredited Keanu Reeves as a dog boy. The freaks plot to revolt against Quaid in an attempt to return to normalcy.

Thankfully, *Freaked* is far from normal. Winter's character finds he has a telepathic bond with his most annoying fan, an ugly redhead kid named Stewie. Brooke



Shields, Larry "Bud" Melman, Morgan Fairchild and Michu the midget turn in cameos. Unlike the Stern-Winter shorts found on Film Threat Videos' dreadful *Squeal of Death* compilation, *Freaked* is very funny, although sometimes goes for the obvious joke instead of the more clever absurdist approach used heavily in the opening minutes of the film. The special effects are top-notch, too, especially in the final showdown pitting freak against freak.

Hercules

(1983)

MGM Home Video

★★★★★

Non-existent production values, rear-screen projection and Sybil Danning all make the Golan-Globus remake of *Hercules* a classic bad, bad, *bad* movie. *Incredible Hulk* Lou Ferrigno stars as the big 'n' dumb hero and captivates the viewer with breasts that rival Danning's and hair that looks like a Brillo pad.

As the epic begins, Zeus (an actor obviously wearing a wig) creates the universe, demonstrated to us with showy camera moves across Christmas light spacescapes. The real fun begins when Hercules' adopted pa is chopping wood in the forest and is attacked by a grizzly. Ferrigno comes rushing to his aid by fighting stock footage of a bear. He then hurls the bear into space, whereupon it becomes a constellation!

The gods attempt to challenge Herc by sending down a series of mechanical insects and such to spar with. One kills his mom as Herc is pulling a plow. Herc demonstrates his strength to King Minos by jumping straight up into the air a good 10 feet over oncoming chariots, and pinning a dozen men up against a cave wall with a big log. He then throws the log into space. (How *does* he do that?) Duly impressed, the king asks Herc to clean his stables of a thousand horses.

Along the way, Herc gets a Ferrigno for Minos' daughter Cassiopea, causes a flood, pushes some rocks, gets his arm caught on fire, grows to the size of the Empire State Building as some sort of mythological parlor trick and sticks a sword through Sybil Danning, performing all feats with one pained expression.

Directed (for lack of a more apt term) by Lewis Coates (*Star Crash*) a.k.a. Luigi Cozzi, *Hercules* is that rare kind of film where *everybody's* voice is dubbed. Not

one to let a true legend die, Coates brought 'em all back two years later for *Hercules 2*.

Masters of the Universe

(1987)

Warner Home Video

★★★★☆

The Golan-Globus powerhouse takes toy adaptations to new heights with their big-budget version of Mattel's *Masters of the Universe*. He-Man, Skeletor and their respective cohorts used to do a bonanza of business at the toy stores, but that had all petered out by the time this turkey hit screens in the summer of '87.

No matter. You'd needn't even heard of the action figures to revel in the thick slices of cheese served up by the Cannon gang. Dolph Lundgren is his goofiest as the thonged He-Man, all-around buff, monosyllabic good guy with hair that reminds one of Fabio. His nemesis, Skeletor, is portrayed by Frank Langella, who doesn't have much to do but laugh maniacally.

The two are warring over a key that opens doors to other dimensions in other times. He-Man and his friends — including midget Billy Barty as a muscally inclined troll — snare the prized piece of hardware and accidentally land on Earth in the late '80s. *Family Ties* Courtney Cox and her rock-band boyfriend find the key and pick it up, leading them straight into some wacky intergalactic nuttiness!

Witness Darth Vader-like henchmen zoom around town on saucers while no one seems to notice. Revel in the exciting music store showdown. Cringe as Dolph exclaims twice with raised sword, "*I have the powerrrrr!*"

The special effects actually are pretty impressive, some of which look like they've duplicated for the current *Stargate*. Best of all, don't miss Langella's "I'll be back" adieu after the closing credits. He wasn't.

Battle of the Bombs

(1985)

Rhino Home Video

★★★★☆

This trip through cinematic hell features "the best scenes from the worst movies ever made!" Well, maybe not *the* worst, but at least the worst that Rhino had access to from its library. Featured are clips from *Prehistoric Women*, the midget



Western *The Terror of Tiny Town*, the Siamese-twins drama *Chained for Life*, *The Creeping Terror*, the caveman epic *Eegah!*, early Steckler picture *Wild Guitar* and Ed Wood's classic *Orgy of the Dead*, in which day and night switch back and forth as sure as Criswell is reading

his lines off cue cards.

Padding each of the clips are a few previews and some strange short films, including one about a woman who dreams she's a jungle queen, and a wacky slapstick oddity starring Doodles Weaver. An exploitation short titled *Hell Is a Place Called Hollywood*, about a would-be actress who falls prey to the town's pornographers, closes out the tape. The clips from the films are great, but this short is just too long.

Nightmares

(1983)

MCA/Universal Home Video

★★☆☆☆

Perhaps one of the weakest horror anthologies ever released to the general public, *Nightmares* is comprised of four stories, not one of which could even fall under the classification of the title. The first "chapter" is the best, although it's the old, standard, escaped-killer-on-the-loose meets woman-stranded-at-gas station story we've seen over and over again. It's the only store even remotely suspenseful.

A young Emilio Estevez is an arcade punk in the second story trying to defeat a new game. He sneaks into the arcade at night to play, and guess what? He gets trapped *inside* the game! *Ooh, scary!* At least it predates *The Lawnmower Man* by about 10 years.

Reigning white trash thespian Lance Henriksen stars in the third story as a very small-town priest who has recurring dreams of slinging rattlesnakes into the air. After a kid dies in the church, he questions why God would let such innocent tots suffer, and decides to leave the town and the priesthood, only to be menaced on the road by a blank Chevy pickup with a crucifix hanging upside-down from the rear-view mirror. How original; *Duel* as commis-

sioned by the Roman Catholic Church.

Nightmares' final tale, the intriguingly titled "Night of the Rat," has Veronica Cartwright as a suburban housewife who thinks rats are in her house. She's wrong; it's just *one* rat, and he's huge. So huge he eats her pussycat. The rodent might have appeared threatening, had it not looked like a puppet.

Moon Unit Zappa has a small part, too. Director Joseph Sargent infuses this mediocre flick with as many shocks as he did with *Jaws: The Revenge*.

Mandroid

(1993)

Paramount Home Video

★★★★☆

Invisible: The Chronicles of Benjamin Knight

(1993)

Paramount Home Video

★★★★☆

In Full Moon Entertainment's *Mandroid*, two evil scientists create a robot which can be controlled by a person wearing a virtual-reality-like helmet, but one of the scientists is evil and wants to use the creation to rule the world. Thus, the soon-severed duo spar over control of the title creation, whose whizzes, whirs and whistles sound a lot like RoboCop.

The bad guy gets his face burned with acid and goes underground to befriend a mute Romanian who makes him a nifty mask to wear so he won't frighten hookers. Somehow, one of the good guys starts showing signs of invisibility, which brings us to *Mandroid's* sequel, filmed in the same year and probably back-to-back, *Invisible: The Chronicles of Benjamin Knight*.

It should be called *Mandroid 2*, because that's exactly what this is, with the same people fighting the evil Dr. Drago for *Mandroid's* reins, except that the good scientist's cute, short-blond-haired daughter in the first film somehow transforms into a not-so-cute, long-brown-haired daughter in *Invisible*, in which she helps Benjamin search for a cure for his unique condition.

Though both films wear out before the end of their 80-minute lengths, they'll both fun to watch. If anything, *Mandroid*'ll keep you entertained. Why are so many Full Moon movies, by the way, being shot in Romania? And I mean, besides the fact that



Three dumb people discover what's bugging them in *Ticks*.

one of the producers is named Vlad.

Twenty Bucks

(1993)

Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video

★★★★★

The "life" of a \$20 bill is followed from its "birth" at an ATM to its untimely death not too long after in *Twenty Bucks*, a quirky, clever and very funny episodic film that is a work of extreme originality. It's very interesting to watch the bill pass hands from one character to another; some hold it for long stretches of the film, others mere seconds. It even finds its way into the same people's hands at times as various characters intersect with one another's stories.

The human stars of this movie include Brendan Fraser, as a young man getting cold feet over his impending marriage and uses the \$20 in a predictable manner at his bachelor party; Elisabeth Shue, as a waitress yearning to be a writer; and Linda Hunt, as a homeless woman who believes the found bill's serial number is the key to lottery riches. Christopher Lloyd and *Reservoir Dogs'* Steve Buscemi have some of the film's best scenes as a mismatched pair of convenience store robbers. Some of the many small roles are filled by Gladys Knight, Matt Frewer, Spalding Gray and David Rasche.

Twenty Bucks deserved a wide theatrical release, but didn't get it. Directed by first-timer Keva Goldsmith, this could develop into a cult classic over the years. It's one of those few movies that I wasn't able to get out of my mind hours afterward.

Ed and His Dead Mother

(1992)

Fox Video

★★★★☆

Steve Buscemi also stars in this black comedy from the director of *Mystery Date*, as the nerdy, henpecked mama's boy who hasn't been able to shake the memories of his dearly departed mother one year ago. When shady salesman John Glover shows up and offers to bring her back to life for a mere grand, he jumps at the chance.

Certain enough, Mom (Miriam Margulies) comes home, but has taken to sleeping in the refrigerator, chasing down the neighborhood dogs with kitchen utensils and eating two cockroaches before bed.

It's not uproarious, but it's funny enough, with fine support from Ned Beatty as Ed's horny uncle and *Twenty Bucks'* Sam Phillips as the sexy neighbor who serves as the constant subject for Ned's telescope.

Ticks

(1993)

Republic Pictures Home Video

★★★★☆

A poor man's *Arachnophobia*, *Ticks* pits a group of wayward campers against a band of mutated ticks out for human blood. It seems that goofy ol' Clint Howard has been spraying his marijuana crop with some steroid derivative, which leaks onto some tick eggs, thus rendering them large 'n' nasty.

Peter Scolari plays pop to the campin'

kids, including horrible actor Alphonso Ribeiro as a wanna-be gangsta named Panic who eventually turns into a giant tick, and horrible actress Ami Dolenz, who plays a rich bitch (a stretch?), but at least looks cute.

One by one, people start to die. Save for one scene at the local veterinarian's office where a tick runs amok after emerging from a dog's tummy, it's neither fun nor interesting.

It should have been played more for laughs, as director Tony Randel did in *Amityville 1992: It's About Time*, which sort of spoofed the whole genre. *Ticks* just becomes another victim of it, complete with the sequel-ready ending.

***The Unborn 2* (1994)**

New Horizons Home Video

★☆☆☆☆

A sequel that never should have been made to a movie that never should have been made, *The Unborn 2* has former *L.A. Lawyer* Michelle Greene give birth to a mutant baby that looks suspiciously like Corky from *Life Goes On*.

Family Ties alum Scott Valentine wants her dead for some reason, probably because her offspring kills people. The final half-hour is a chase between these three through her house, if you can make it that far through.

***The Shadow* (1994)**

MCA/Universal Home Video

★☆☆☆☆

Bites so hard it hurts. Ties with *The Flintstones* for one of the 10 worst movies ever made.



Nothing can stop RoboCop...except poor box-office returns.

***RoboCop 3* (1993)**

Orion Home Video

★★★★☆

This film is not nearly as bad as critics said, though it does stand to serve as a reminder that Orion Pictures screwed up what could have been an extremely successful series franchise. Paul Verhoeven's 1987 original is considered a classic, filled not just with action, but smarts, wit, humor, style and originality. All those attributes were thrown out the window for Irvin Kershner's abysmal 1990 follow-up, which could have just been an episode of *T.J. Hooker*.

RoboCop 2 scribe Fred Dekker takes over the directorial reins for this too-late last-ditch effort at saving RoboCop from early retirement. His efforts sat on the shelf for two years before being released to a public which ignored it. Today, RoboCop works for peanuts on syndicated TV.

Some of the quirkiness that elevated the original beyond the typical sci-fi shoot-'em-up is back, namely the laughable news segments and commercials (most notably a nifty animated ad for Johnny Rehab action figures and playset). The plot, however, is a bit too politically correct.

The Omni Corporation, in a bid to renovate Detroit into a crystal-clear palace, is bent on throwing ghetto residents out on the streets. After his partner (Nancy Allen) is killed by the Omni eviction force, RoboCop becomes a Harriet Tubman of sorts by leading a band of ragtag homeless

renegades underground.

ED-209 returns to make a brief appearance, but RoboCop's arch-enemy here is a robot ninja. When he's hit by RoboCop in the head, his cracked-jaw effect is one of the film's highlights.

Though a little too heavy on the cute-kid angle, *RoboCop 3* provides some good action sequences, even introducing a flight-pack into the fold of Murphy's arsenal. Hal Hartley vet Robert Burke fills Pete Weller's steel shoes as the nuts-and-bolts hero.

***Tales of Terror* (1962)**

Orion Home Video

★★★★☆

Though not altogether satisfying, this trilogy of Edgar Allan Poe yarns as envisioned by low-budget king Roger Corman provides some unique twists most horror anthologies miss. Vincent Price stars in all three segments, and narrates the nifty graphic-designed wraparounds.

In the first story, "Morella," Price remains haunted by his dead wife, who expired giving birth to their daughter. When the daughter comes home after a long absence, Mom sets out for revenge. With a fairly short setup, the



kick at the end is predictable. This segment accomplishes in less than 30 minutes what Corman's 1991 remake *The Haunting of Morella* couldn't do in an hour and a half.

The middle story, "The Black Cat," is the longest and best of the three. Peter Lorre steals the show as a careless husband who drinks the household funds. The wine-tasting scene between him and Price is unexpectedly hilarious. When Price takes a liking to Lorre's neglected wife, Lorre wants to kill them. A highlight is when Lorre dreams the two lovers are playing catch with his disembodied head.

"The Case of M. Valdemar" has Price on his deathbed, and not much else. The few characters involved talk and talk and talk; the story gets to be excruciatingly lengthy until — finally — Price stands up and melts. Bravo!

As part of Orion's six-title "Vincent Price Collection," you can find this for a mere \$9.95.

It's Intermission Time!

(199?)

Drive-In Classics

★★★★☆



Approximately 40 minutes worth of actual intermission ads once seen on drive-ins of days gone by, plus a few great musical shorts and whacked-out previews for films like *Winter a Go-Go*, starring "that Cat Ballou injun" Tom Mardini and the Sno-Honeys, and *Beach Ball* with "that riptide rip-rider Edd Byrnes!" Nothing less, nothing more.

Speed

(1994)

Fox Video

★★★★★

In what can essentially be summed up as "*Die Hard* on a bus," but not written off as such, *Speed* is, like the *Die Hard* films, a rarity in the action genre: an excellent

action movie. All too often, explosions and bullets act as the stars of these films, but *Speed* sets out to tell an actual story, and has one helluva premise: a bomb on a city bus is rigged to go off if the bus drops below 50 mph.

Though as wooden as a cigar store Indian, Keanu Reeves has his best role yet as Jack, the renegade rookie cop out to defuse the situation. As the bomber, ol' Dennis Hopper is in his patented weirdo mold, and there's nothing wrong with that, while spunky Sandra Bullock gets most of the best lines.

Die Hard and *Lethal Weapon 3* cinematographer Jan De Bont makes a spectacular directorial debut with a film that doesn't waste any time getting started and literally never lets up. From start to finish, I was riveted.

Grizzly

(1976)

Media Home Entertainment

★★★★☆

Day of the Animals

(1977)

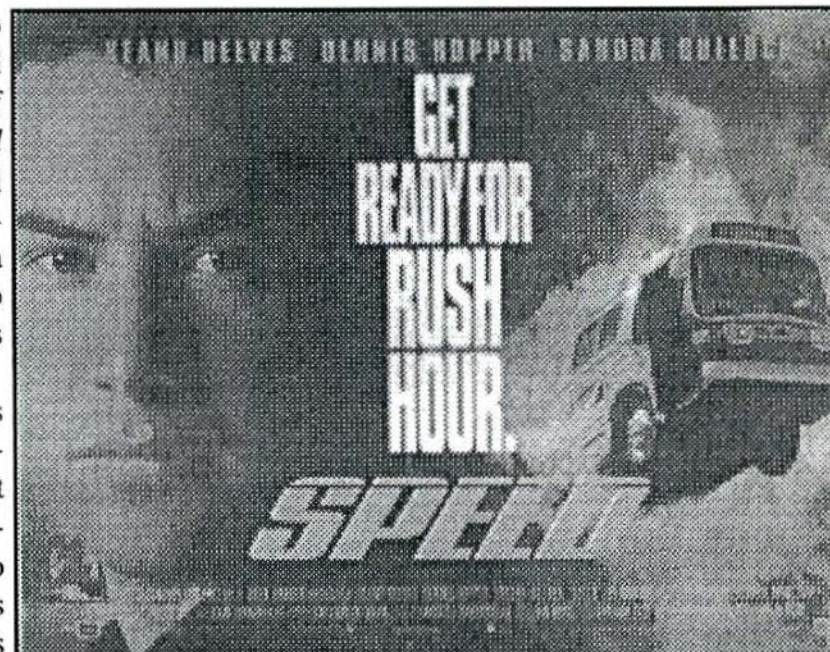
Media Home Entertainment

★★★★☆

These two William Girdler flicks demonstrate what happens when you let some good ol' boys loose to make a couple of movies. Both star Christopher George, Richard Jaeckel and a whole mess of crazed animals.

Grizzly, ostensibly a *Jaws* ripoff complete with the bastardized score, pits a group of backwoods hunters against a 15-foot tall grizzly bear who likes to kill campers. One of the first to get it is a girl who has to go deep into the woods to pee.

The most macho hunters is the area go



off to find and kill the bear, but turn into sissies. Eager for victims, Grizzly knocks over a ranger station and even attacks a helicopter before he is exploded. (Until *Grizzly II: The Predator*, with Charlie Sheen, that is.)

Grizzly cheats big-time by cutting away a lot, and showing mostly close-ups of the actors getting hugged by hairy arms, a bear growling toward the air and swooping paws. A lot of scenes are filmed using the bear's POV, and most of the attacks are shown in slo-mo but with all the clarity of the Zapruder film, often leaving you asking, "What just happened?"

Slightly better and at least more fun if strictly for the variety of fauna is *Day of the Animals*. A pre-credit scroll informs us that this story *could* happen if we continue to allow the ozone layer to deplete, which lets in harmful UV rays that seriously mess with the heads of man's best friends.

A group of campers comprised of a TV



anchorwoman, a Gilligan doppleganger, a snotty Beverly Hills divorcee, little Andrew Stevens and Leslie Nielsen, are taking a hike up the mountains when they are attacked by birds, dogs, wolves, wildcats and the like. The best (and funniest part) occurs back in the city, however, when the sheriff, wanting a midnight snack, gets up in the night to appease his hunger, only to have a pack of rats take his food and then jump onto his face to chew on him!

Coming in a close second, a whacked-out Nielsen wrestles a grizzly bear...and loses. Nipping at his heels in third, a man is "pushed" by a rabid dog into a Volkswagen Bug full of rattlesnakes. Honorable mention goes to the scene where a screaming woman is dragged off a cliff by a flock of birds.

The whole town is evacuated, but luckily, the virus that makes the animals so darn mad lasts a mere 24 hours.

Both films have that made-for-TV feel, although they were theatrical efforts. I do suspect, however, they were filmed back-to-back.

***Carnosaur 2* (1994)**

New Horizons Home Video

★★★★☆

Imagine a Roger Corman sequel that's better than the first. Hard to fathom, I know, but *Carnosaur 2* does just that. The original *Carnosaur*, released in 1993 to capture some of the *Jurassic Park* mania, had promise to be a low-budget version of Spielberg's monster hit, but bit it big by wanting to be some sort of deadly serious cautionary tale with an ecological theme.

Thankfully, that *Andromeda Strain* business is nowhere to be found in the sequel, which is more like *Jurassic Park* by way of James Cameron's *Aliens*, as the dinosaurs overtake the labyrinthian caverns of a uranium mining facility.

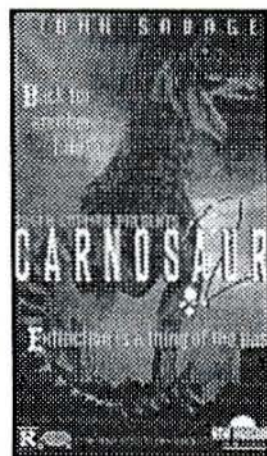
There's no Diane Ladd overacting, either. It does, however, end up again with monster against man-operated machine.



All the sexy chicks like to hang out with Carnosaur.

John Savage, once known as an Oscar-caliber actor, leads the band of men assigned to show the genetically designed dinos what extinction means. Savage's cohorts include the female tuffie, the music-loving black guy, the computer hacking kid and the macho muscleman whom you're grateful to see go.

Despite all the cliches, *Carnosaur 2*, unlike its predecessor, doesn't waste time getting started, bore the viewer with



lengthy speeches or, most important, skimp on the dinosaurs. The effects are much better — and gorier — than the original. My only real complaint is false advertising: The scene at left, depicted so prominently on the box, never happens.

***Monster Mania* (1991)**

Goodtimes Home Video

★★★★☆

From the same guys that slapped together *Fantastic Dinosaurs of the Movies* (reviewed last issue), *Monster Mania* is a compilation of trailers from classic science fiction and horror films, mostly from the genre's heyday of the '50s and '60s.

Among the offerings: vintage favorites like *The War of the Worlds*, *King Kong* and *The Day the Earth Stood Still*; and schlockier entries like *The Little Shop of Horrors*, *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad* and *How to Make a Monster*. Other random titles represented include *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, *The*

Incredible Shrinking Man, *Invaders from Mars*, *Target Earth*, *I Walked with a Zombie* and *The Curse of the Cat People*. Even Hammer is here, with *Horror of Dracula*.

Also bumpered with snack bar ads, the tape ends with a particularly strange and disgusting commercial for pizza which probably did everything *but* what it was intended to do.

***Killing Zoe* (1994)**

LIVE Entertainment

★★★★☆

Quentin Tarantino may be the hottest new director on the block, but his pal Roger Avary (a *Pulp Fiction* contributor and one-time fellow video clerk) isn't bad himself, either. While he's no Tarantino, his directorial debut, *Killing Zoe*, executive produced by Quentin, is still a stylish and

engaging crime picture.

Indie king Eric Stoltz stars as Zed, an American who no sooner arrives in Paris for "a job" when he meets and falls for a hooker named Zoe (Julie Delpy). Zed's longtime friend Eric (La Femme Nikita's Jean-Hughes Anglade) shows up to lure



Zed away for a night of booze, heroin and planning tomorrow's Bastille Day heist of a VIP bank.

All Zed has to do is crack the safe; unfortunately, everything else that doesn't rest on his shoulders goes extremely out of control.

Unlike Tarantino with *Reservoir Dogs*, *Avary* shows us the robbery; in fact, it takes up the last half of the film. Bloody and violent though it may be, *Avary* doesn't make it poetic or try to lighten it up like Tarantino; you won't be laughing like you did when John Travolta shot the kid in the face in *Pulp Fiction*. It's a bit unfair to compare *Avary* to Tarantino, although their films are both brimming with references to other films. *Avary* puts his in awkwardly, though; clips from *Nosferatu* are intercut with a sex scene between Stoltz and Delpy.

Stoltz carries the movie, and Delpy does a fine job, too, though it's a bit unsettling seeing her nude since she looks like she's about 12. Anglade is at his slimy best as the leader of the gang.

While *Avary*'s time in the limelight may be limited, *Killing Zoe* is good enough to merit letting him have another shot. As long as he dumps the god-awful soundtrack, which sounds like really bad Tangerine Dream.

Quake (1992)

Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video

★★★★☆

Just after Erika Anderson was screwing around the washing machine with Nicolas Cage in *Zandalee*, she bed down with slimy Steve Railsback in this Roger Corman production. Roger actually made headlines a couple years back when the Big One rocked L.A. and Roger sought to capitalize on it by sending a camera crew out to film the damage for a movie, even though he didn't have a script or even an

idea at the time. Eventually, the footage became part of *Quake*.

Anderson is hotshot lawyer Jenny, who is "rescued" following the earthquake by a surveillance expert (Railsback) who has not only testified in court for her, but also likes to stalk her and watch her from his window. Trouble is, she doesn't know that, until he won't let her leave his apartment.

If you thought Railsback was creepy as Manson in *Helter Skelter*, wait until you see his hilarious take as a nerdy technogeek obsessed with the woman of many men's dreams. He's just plum eerie, while Anderson spends half the film running around in her underwear.

Surprisingly, *Quake* was an enjoyable thriller, aided by an able cast and a workable script. While it gets to be repetitive and has about three endings, part of it actually provokes tension.

...And God Spoke (1993)

LIVE Entertainment

★★★★☆

This "mockumentary" follows the trail and trials of a director-producer team who, after filming such opuses as *Nude Ninjas* and *Alpha Delta De Kappa*, have decided to undertake their most ambitious project yet: a movie adaptation of *The Bible*.

When they're not behind schedule or facing budget problems, other troubles arise: the actress hired to play Eve has a full-body tattoo, the dailies are too dark to see and the production assistant "forgot" to take the film to the lab for developing.

Eve Plumb (that's right, Jan Brady) has a cameo as Mrs. Noah, while Soupy Sales plays Moses. The best bits involve the alcoholic actor playing Noah, the roly-poly film editor who'd rather be deer hunting and the climatic battle between brothers Cain and Abel, played by Lou Ferrigno and wiry *Ben Stiller* alum Andy Dick. The "footage" from the Biblical epic comprise the funniest parts of this film, and it would have been more fun to see more of this.

...And God Spoke gets better as it goes along, thankfully. It begins much too jokey; unlike *Spinal Tap*, you can tell that



these people are acting.

Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me (1992)

LIVE Entertainment

★★★★☆

An extremely whacked-out debut film from writer-director Joel Hershman, this might very well be the first film I liked that takes its name from a song title. Of course, this isn't even in the same league as pabulum like *Pretty Woman* or *Book of Love* anyway; Hershman's characters are white-trash trailer park inhabitants with no socially redeeming values.

Max Parrish stars as a man who steals lover Sean Young's money and accidentally kills her. He ends up at a trailer park via a stop at a topless bar, where he meets Sabra, a part-time porn star, who lives with her pet-loving, teenage virginal sister, Danny (Hal Hartley vet Adrienne Shelley).

Incredibly bizarre, the film takes as many strange turns as it has strange characters, including bits by Timothy Leary and Diane Ladd. Hershman gets off some great lines, but edges in over-the-top territory a little, and some of it grows to be excessive. Still, any film with Shelley and a soundtrack featuring two songs apiece by Violent Femmes and the Pixies can't be bad, and it's not.

Gymkata (1985)

MGM/UA Home Video

★★★★☆

Poor Kurt Thomas. In *Gymkata*, his first — and, understandably, last — feature film, the wiry Olympian with the haircut straight outta *Teen Wolf* is being chased all over the streets of Yugoslavia by men with machine guns and hooded ninjas. Luckily, there's always a bar or two nearby for Thomas to hang on to and swing from so he can kick his enemies unconscious.

In this horrible variation of *The Most Dangerous Game*, Thomas vies for the love of an ugly princess who looks like the daughter Janet Jackson and Mako might beget. The Game, as it's called, requires him to run fast, scale ropes and survive a trip through "the village of the crazies."

Thomas sucks as an actor, which is why this cheap chopsocky gymnastics-meets-karate flick is as fun as his game competitors are big and stupid.

Gymkata. Experience it today.

Zine Central

Psychotronic Video

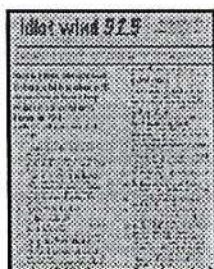
Michael Weldon, Editor/Publisher
3309 Rt. 97
Narrowsburg, NY 12764-6126
\$4 issue / \$22 sub (6 issues)



A magazine with which you can really never go wrong, the latest issue — #19, with more pages than usual, no less — is no exception. It features interviews with *I Spit on Your Corpse* director Al Adamson, would-be action hero Leo Fong and the recently deceased Royal Dano and Cameron Mitchell, plus that which makes *Psychotronic* best: lots of reviews and lots of neat-o illustrations of ad-mats of flicks past. One question, though: Why does there seem to be more and more ads for the pervert-type tapes? In my opinion, that kinda goes against the *Psychotronic* image, but as a one-time editor of a national magazine myself, I can completely understand; a paid ad is a paid ad. I love this magazine, even if they did change my name to Paul (see "Heapin' Mailbag" on page 3 for details). (92 pgs.)

Idiot Wind

Douglas Carroll, Editor/Publisher
P.O. Box 87
Occoquan, VA 22125
SASE w/ 2 stamps / issue



Where in the hell is Occoquan? We don't know, and don't care really, except that it's home to Douglas Carroll, a man with a very fine sense of humor, as evidenced in his quarterly zine, *Idiot Wind*. Strictly a humor zine with very little in the way of illustrations, some of the writing reminds me of the early, funnier days of the legendary *National Lampoon*. Issue 52.5 — the "Summer of Lust" issue — has some great articles: a memorial to the Ayatollah Khomeini, who "did for Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses* what the Parents' Musical Resource Center did for heavy metal band W.A.S.P.'s albums"; a lengthy list of Godzilla match-ups he'd like to see ("*Godzilla vs. the Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingo de Silos: 'Zilla finds religion...and eats 'em like they were M&Ms.*"); a few O.J. Simpson jokes you've heard before, but are still worth repeating; another lengthy list, this one on "The Shortest Books Ever Written" (examples: *Women Named Fred*, *The AMA's Guide to Proper Penmanship* and *Regismania*). My favorite article, however, was the cover story, "More Than 17 Things Old Hippies Will Discover When They Return to Yasgur's Farm in '94." Who cares if reading about Woodstock six months later isn't timely? "For some reason, they're using the concert as an excuse to sell a hell of a lot of *Flintstones* stuff" and similar



one-liners are funny! Now available at a fraction of the cost, send your envelopes and stamps today. (12 pgs.)

Everyone Needs a Hobby

Emile St. Claire, Editor
P.O. Box 672
Los Angeles, CA 90078-0672
\$3 issue / \$10 sub (4 issues)



Although *ENAH* carries the subtitle "The Tim Burton Fanzine with a Sense of Humor," I'd have to question the "sense of humor" part, especially when you consider that Emile's seeing *Edward Scissorhands* "marked an end to (a) dark age in my life when I stopped apologizing for being a misfit....I only regret the film wasn't around when I was a child; I drew strength from it that I still have not been able to express fully in words." Not to knock Burton (a favorite director of mine) or Emile's statement, but this zine just isn't funny. The first issue contains news about *Ed Wood*, many sightings/references of Burton in the media, a tribute to Vincent Price (complete with handy filmography) and (ugh) poetry ("She flails her hands / into the sky, / she tries... / But alas, poor thing... / her hands do not go the moon."). I doubt that's printed here as intentional humor. Tim Burton is a genius filmmaker who deserves a fun, spirited zine in the same vein as *Bruce on a Stick*. This isn't it. (36 pgs., but my copy was missing 4 of them)

Brik a Brak

Eric & Brian, Editors
438 Pennsylvania
Santa Cruz, CA 95062
\$1 issue



Though I've only read or seen one issue (#5), *Brik a Brak* is my new favorite zine. I swear this had me laughing so hard I cried. The absolute highlight is "Mr. Miyagi vs. Yoda," a piece that compares 'n' contrasts the two ("Mr. Miyagi eats exotic food, Yoda eats monkey dump") before predicting what would happen should the two '80s film icons come to blows. I liked everything in this issue, but other stories deserving of special mention include the Mr. Atari Q&A column, a debunking of "The Mystery Spot," handshaking pranks, "How to Create a Scandal," memories of a fifth-grade camping trip, a look at the *Jaws 2* novelization, relating babysitter-hell stories and an article asking what the use is of clapping ("What's up wit dat?!...Anything associated with clapping is screwed up.") Eric & Brian say they eat cuteness for breakfast; what they don't tell you is what they spit back up is much more satisfying than bacon 'n' eggs anyday. (48 pgs.)

Boomgarden

John A. Stone, Editor
1602 S.W. 77th Place
Oklahoma City, OK 73159
\$1.25 issue



Described by its editor as "One man's odyssey in a world he never made, all told in pictures so you don't have to fool with those pesky word-things," the second issue of *Boomgarden* takes a look (artistically) at some more battles amongst the sexes in the club scene and reviews a Red Dirt Rangers concert (where even the waitresses danced and some jerk did a TV comedy sketch for a fellow drunk). Four pages are devoted to "The Adventures of the Winged Finger," in which a young stud awakes one fine morning only to discover that his left-hand index finger has sprouted gossamer fairy wings, ripped itself from the man's arm and flown away to amaze the babes and foil evil-doers. Best of all is the one-pager "Uncle Larry," Stone's tribute to his deceased relative who loved to twist on the family's back patio. All for fun, and fun it is. (20 pgs.)

Raimi-Zine

D. Sean MacLaggan, Editor
3617 Chaben Place #209
Saskatoon, SK S7H 4E9
Canada
\$2.50 issue



Here's what the Tim Burton zine should have been. Each issue of *Raimi-Zine* promises to focus on a particular film of gifted cult director Sam Raimi, best known and loved for the *Evil Dead* trilogy. The first issue takes a big, comprehensive look at Sam's first major-studio effort, the minor hit *Darkman*. In case you haven't seen it, the zine starts off with a synopsis. Then you get a lot: behind-the-scenes stories, a look at the special effects, profiles of the actors and composer Danny Elfman, scenes that were cut, a shot-by-shot analysis of the film, *Darkman* merchandise, a look at the upcoming straight-to-video *Darkman 2* and general Raimi news. My only complaint is that the pictures are hard to see. Anyone who is a Raimi fan definitely will appreciate this zine. (36 pgs.)

Screem

Darryl Mayeski, Editor
490 S. Franklin St.
Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702
\$3.95 issue / \$15 sub (4 issues)



I'll admit that I bought this zine only to order a book from one of its ads. Let's face it, gore covers just don't sell me. And that's what a lot of *Screem* covers: odd gore and grindhouse fare like *Black Sabbath*, *Lemora* and Lydia Lunch stuff. I did like the Jack Chick Publications story and the story on *Conrad Brooks* vs. *Werewolf* director David "The Rock" Nelson ("The Ed Wood of the 90's???"). The reviews didn't do much for me, though. Darryl could use a lesson or two on layout and typesetting, but that's being nitpicky for this type of zine. If the movie *This Night I Will Possess Your Corpse* would be your idea of required viewing, this might be for you. (48 pgs.)

Four Mile Circus

John A. Stone, Editor
1602 S.W. 77th Place
Oklahoma City, OK 73159
\$1.50 issue



Now at an even lower price, issue numero quatro slams a Sebadoh concert, researches the RE/Search books, reviews Peter Bagge's *Hate* and recalls a fond time when the editor was beaten silly by an amateur boxer. This issue also marks the return of the ever-amusing "Too Much TV? Nah" column; this time, Stone takes swipes at Martin Short and *Sequest DSV*. As always, I like the really eccentric mix of this and that you can always find here, and the art is even better than ever, particularly with the cover, depicting Madonna fawning over Joe Camel. The fact that **HITCH** is given a glowing review in this very edition has nothing to do with this positive mention. Honest. (34 pgs.)

Bird

Bird, Editor
P.O. Box 3149
Norman, OK 73070
\$1.50 issue



An odd and strange compendium of mostly stuff the anonymous editor found at the copy store, *Bird* is a nifty little publication, illustrated here and there with colored rubber stamps. The first issue looks at the intriguing comparisons between Elvis and Jesus, interviews some random slacker fellow named Chuck and offers tempting recipes for potato-liver loaf and the like. My favorite bits were the sorority girl's likes and dislikes that Bird stumbled upon and one girl's hilarious essay on her and her siblings' struggle to get to school. Bird found that, too. (24 pgs.)

PROGnosis

Bret Lindford, Editor-in-Chief
1415 Fulton Rd., Suite 205-A27
Santa Rosa, CA 95403
\$19.95 sub (6 issues)



A brand-new publication, *PROGnosis* is "the magazine of progressive rock," and looks very slick and professional. The debut edition looks at a couple of bands I've heard of (Dream Theater, Yes) and a couple I haven't (Cairo, Dixie Dregs). All the bands featured in the review section fall under the latter category. While acts like Rick Wakeman and Pink Floyd have never been my cup of tea, I think anyone who is into the genre would love this magazine. I loved the anti-Green Day editorial, which is long overdue ("Bands like Green Day, the Offspring and the like know nothing of (honesty and integrity). They exist solely to make a buck off the selling of attitude.") Thank you. (20 pgs.)

SAID

"I think it's a lot like *Ghost*, but no one dies."

—some lady behind me at a showing of *Only You* at the \$1.50 movie house



Get HITCHed!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE!

#3 • OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 1994

• The Spooky Halloween Issue, featuring an interview with Dr. Death (no, not *that* one), the filmography of Dr. Joyce Brothers, a probing psychological analysis of the Mentos ads, CDs that scare me, crappy summer movies, farm fatalities, a he-man adventure to a *Star Trek* convention, hating Bette Midler, a Shannon Tweed update, cruising the Internet, lots of video and zine reviews and a cameo from Hot Diggity, the rope spinnin' horse. (36 pgs.)

#4 • DECEMBER 1994 / JANUARY 1995

• Charlton Heston talks to HITCH, and we take a look at his

work in *Solar Crisis*. Plus, a prank to play on Casey Kasem, *Taco Bueno: The Movie*, a very special Christmas-themed he-man adventure in which we pose as bums, bachelorette parties, a report on becoming newly Canadian, the wonderful world of workmen's comp, a cyberchat with those two annoying *Full House* twins and lots of video and zine reviews. Includes *two* free bonuses: a pocket temperature conversion chart for new Canadians and the exclusive, really-works HITCH dreidel! Just snap it together, grab some munchies and spin, *dammit*, spin! (40 pgs.)

From 1965 to 1969,
he served as the 38th
U.S. Vice President.

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NEXT #6 • APRIL / MAY 1995 ISSUE

Probably some stuff about

GODZILLA

if we can get around
to it in time.

Plus, the usual.



"Truly entertaining."

—Factsheet 5

In our brief life, we've also been called "fun," "great" and a lot of other nice words. Maybe that's because we've chatted with folks as varied as Leonard Cohen, Charlton Heston and Robert Goulet, and made fun of many others. Or maybe it's just because bribes really do work in this greedy, capitalist country in which we live. Either way...



*Blue-ribbon absurdity
at its finest.*

HITCH

Get used to it.

A black and white illustration for Atomic Books. A woman in a bikini is holding a book titled "ATOMIC BOOKS". A speech bubble from her says "LITERARY FINDS FOR MUTATED MINDS!". In the foreground, there are several books or magazines with titles like "DRUGS", "SLERZE", "MAYHEM", "FRINGE", "KATHMAN", "Freaks", and "Trash".

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A circular logo for Four Mile Circus. The words "FOUR" and "MILE" are on the left and right sides of the top half, and "CIRCUS" is on the bottom half. In the center, there is a silhouette of a circus scene with people and animals.

Pays you Money
Takes you Chances

c/o John Stone
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